

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 16, 1958

BEAUTY
The Industry Without a Recession

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Bernard Saffron



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(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXXI NO. 24



Tonight... 1500 miles at sea...
the horses will be off and running

Everybody shares the after-dinner games aboard a Cunarder—those who play and those who watch! Your glowing mood, shaped by the thoughtful service of the masterpiece meal just completed, has been tuned by the day's fellowship. You are mellow,

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When everyone wants cool drinks and lots of them . . . that's the time you can depend upon Oasis Water Coolers.

Our engineers have developed two special features that greatly increased water cooler efficiency. They're the Pre-Cooler and the Capacity Booster. They actually more than double the amount of available cold water at no increase in cost. And more than that, there's an extra big cold water tank that stores more cold drinks.

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for better tire values—
better tire care.



"Even on toughest



Buy and Specify Tubeless or Tube-Type



GOOD YEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON

runs, we've *doubled* our tire mileage!

Our cost-per-mile is hitting new lows with Goodyear's new HI-MILER CROSS-RIB!"

**How O.K. Trucking Company,
Cincinnati, Ohio, solved tread wear
and breakdown problems!**

"Every operation has its own headaches. Our worst were tread wear and road breakdowns.

"And I said *were*," continues O.K.'s Maintenance Superintendent Owen L. Negangard. "We've licked those problems at last—and we're heading for our lowest tire-cost-per-mile *ever*!"

"It started when we decided to try Goodyear's new Hi-Miler Cross-Rib on tractor-trailer units on our toughest runs through Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and West Virginia.

"Previous tires seldom gave us more than 45- to 50-thousand original tread miles on these runs—and there was a hillside detour near Athens, Ohio, where we'd have as many as 4 or 5 road delays a night because of tire failures.

"What a difference with Hi-Miler Cross-Rib!

"After close to 110 thousand miles on the same runs—all on drive-wheels—all on original rubber—the treads still have nonskid depth left—AND THERE HASN'T BEEN A SINGLE CROSS-RIB TIRE FAILURE!"

"Frankly, I've no idea what the TOTAL life of a Cross-Rib can be, on our tough operation. But we're putting them on more and more of our rigs—and I've been around tires long enough to see that *our tire-cost-per-mile is going to be the lowest in our history!*"

O.K. Trucking Company was established in 1929 and ran 40-million tire-miles in 1957.

See what some other Truckers say:

• LESS SIDESLIP, LONGER NONSKID WEAR THAN ANY OTHER TIRE!

(Louisiana produce hauler)

• 76% MORE ORIGINAL MILEAGE THAN ON FORMER HEAVY TREAD TIRES!

(State of Washington heavy hauler)

• TRIPLED PREVIOUS TIRES' MILEAGE—AND 50% OF TREAD STILL LEFT!

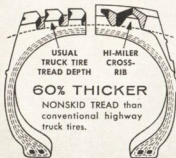
(New York, Chicago and Texas hauler)

• 154% AVERAGE INCREASED MILEAGE OVER PREVIOUS TIRES!

(Eastern U.S. general freighter)

For still other Fact File reports on Goodyear's new Hi-Miler Cross-Rib, contact your Goodyear dealer—or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH



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Yellow Pages**



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LETTERS

Better Mantrap?

Sir:

That's a fine article on the Russian scientists [June 2]—particularly to me, since it refers to my father, A. N. Lodygin [producer of the "Russian sun"—Russia's first electric light]. Although he never completed his citizenship, he was devoted to the U.S. His incandescent lamp foreign patents led the Westinghouse Co. to invite him to Pittsburgh in the '90s. My father always said that he had developed the lamp as an incidental part of his heavier-than-air flying machine, which occupied much of his thought. He died in Brooklyn in 1923 at the age of 75, his last years saddened by the civil war in Russia.

MRS. FREDERICK A. FAUST
Woburn, Conn.

Sir:

Why does every Russian want to be an engineer while every American boy wants to be a lawyer, a politician or an advertising man? How many engineers in the U.S. own Cadillacs and have summer homes on Long Island? Damned few. Why burn the midnight oil learning trigonometry? We should make the engineer the hero of a few films—then he might become fashionable.

ALBERT K. DAWSON
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sir:

As conscientious M.I.T. students, we eagerly read over your article on the state of Russian science. If "Nesie" can earn 30,000 rubles or \$7,500 a month (tax-free), we wonder about the possibility of transferring to the U. of Moscow.

DON SILVERMAN
RONALD AGONIN
GEORGE M. WALSH
MICHAEL LEWIS
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

American educators can concern themselves not only with the problem of whether Russia will build the better mousetrap, but, if the Russians do, will our world beat a path to their door?

LOUIS H. HAMEL JR.
Bradford, Mass.

Long March to the Left

Sir:

It is always a source of exasperation to me when I read about people like Simone de Beauvoir (*The Long March*) who extol the virtues of Communism. It is remarkable that she returned to the "dirty" free world after

her visit to Red China. Intellectuals of De Beauvoir's school of thought should return to the "lands of enchantment" where Marx is read instead of the Bible and love is superseded by a tractor.

ROBERT M. NORTON III
Los Angeles

Vive v. Volk

Sir:

Congratulations on the May 26 De Gaulle article. You made a forward step to a better understanding of the French leader who, as in 1941, is the only apparent salvation of France. Once again, *Vive De Gaulle* is coming to mean *Vive la France* in the eyes of the free world.

D'ARCY K. BANCROFT
Winnipeg, Canada

Sir:

Reader Jim DiMiceli (who bought a finned Plymouth after becoming disenchanted with a French-built puddle jumper) erred in expecting good workmanship from a nation unable to even govern itself. Too bad he didn't try a Volkswagen. People who can lift themselves from the 1945 flat-of-their-backs to dominate Europe economically can, among other things, build good cars.

DAVID M. CLEARY
Florence, Italy

Sir:

Recently, I've been muttering over an infestation of jumping spiders coming from your sports and movie columns into the book reviews and even moving into religion. Then the De Gaulle piece opened before me. Here, as so many times in past years, is what I seek to learn. There is a warm and courteous reply to a genuine concern over a disturbing man.

JOHN B. NESBITT
Carmel, Calif.

Billy the Kidder

Sir:

As a reader of your Cinema section, I find myself increasingly nauseated by the 21-pun salute which greets each new picture (except, of course, the ones from Italy). In the May 26 Cinema review of John O'Hara's *Ten North Frederick*, your critic finds it necessary to hedgehop from Pennsylvania, where the picture plays, to Japan, which has nothing whatsoever to do with the picture. By way of samurai and *Bushido*, he ultimately arrives at that peak of comicality, "O'Hara-kiri." Obviously, we in Hollywood are no match for such devastating wit. Why doesn't he take on somebody his own size? Bennett

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Cerf, for instance. I suggest a sunrise duel in the old offices of *College Humor*—with puns at 20 paces. And may the best man win.

BILLY WILDER

Hollywood

Sir:

Your movie critic is a chowderhead, stuffed with uncial tarradiddle.

CHARLES BEAHN

Hollywood

Sir:

He must have to see a lot of movies, and I suppose a film has to be excellent for him to say so. Anyhow, I enjoy his reviews, and he does think up all those delightful words.

(Mrs.) JO ANN MISSEY

San Bernardino, Calif.

The Shrinking Dollar

Sir:

We hear a great deal of how a tax cut will improve the recession, but every tax dollar the Government collects is put back into circulation almost immediately, therefore what difference will result if the tax is cut and the taxpayer spends that dollar instead of the Government? I can see only one result: there will be no increase in the dollars spent, but there will be a decrease in the dollars collected as tax by the government. Inflation is much more dangerous than a recession.

RUSSELL P. DANIELS

Tulsa, Okla.

Brower for Everything

Sir:

I would like to nominate Charles Brower [June 2] for President, for Man of the Year, for Bardot's leading man, for Premier of France and to head the motion picture industry and anything else he wants. He has exposed the recession, which is undoubtedly not economic but comes from a spiritual goofing off of American ideas and imagination.

WALTER WANGER

Los Angeles

Not Such Good Feeling

Sir:

When the Rev. Gustave A. Weigel, theologian of a Maryland Jesuit college, says that Catholic church attendance is up, that increased attendance is due to the superior liturgy service, that Protestants visit Catholic services to see how it's done, he's talking sheer nonsense. Catholics are conditioned to attend church virtually from the cradle, much as Pavlov's dogs were conditioned to salivate at the ringing of a bell. The good reverend might be more concerned to explain why Italy and France have the largest Communist parties in the West. If it weren't for Protestant America, both these countries would probably have long since been taken over by the Reds and the Vatican itself put out of business.

J. R. HEILBRON

Los Angeles

Sir:

"Era of Good Feeling?" I admit it is a good question, but so long as the Roman hierarchy has a strangle hold on the minds of 36-plus million (I wonder about the validity of their count) Americans, this hoped-for good feeling can never exist.

ART KUCINSKI

Oneonta, N.Y.

Man of Mobiles

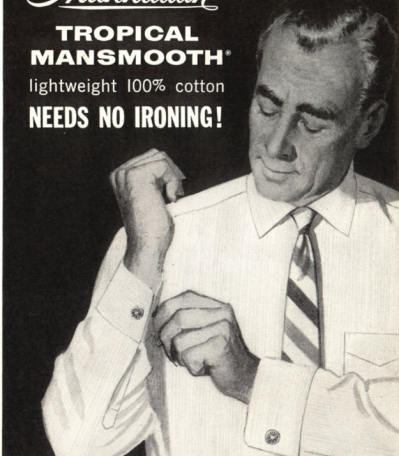
Sir:

Thank you for your fascinating article on Alexander Calder. Some years ago I tried my hand at making mobiles, and after careful study of an excellent Calder in our City

Manhattan

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But there is more! There is the new *Manhattan* TROPICAL MANSMOOTH fabric with thousands of tiny open windows that let air in and body heat out giving you the utmost in coolness and comfort.

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Follow the lead of the seafaring men who face winds and weather daily. Protect and refresh your face with Old Spice After Shave Lotion. Good for your skin: stimulates to a healthy glow, contains extra emollients to guard against loss of vital skin-moisture. It feels good! Clean. Fresh. Brisk. With that tangy Old Spice scent. Try it—happiest ending a shave ever had!



Selected by the U. S. Government for showing at the World's fair in Brussels

SHULTON

Art Museum, concluded that there was nothing to it. After a month of experimentation I was astounded at the enormous complexity of his creation. Like many another art form, it's easy until you try it.

JOHN GOLDSTON

St. Louis

Sir:

Re Calder's *Whirling Ear*: it is not modern art but the titles that confuse me. I would have guessed Calder's work should have been called *Modern Whale Taking a Dive, Seal Refusing to Abandon Sinking Ship, or Mismatched Objects Smooching the Hard Way*.

CARL E. SCHULTZ

St. Joseph, Mich.

Buy Now

Sir:

It has been a pleasure to note the ever-increasing space that *TIME* has devoted to its section on art and in particular with regard to contemporary American painting. The color reproductions that are presented each week, I believe, are a tremendous stimulus. The fact is, a painting (*Blue Landscape* by Lawrence Calcagno) that was reproduced in the April 21 issue of *TIME* so impressed me that I bought it.

FRANCIS FOWLER

Los Angeles

Earth Man, Go Home

Sir:

I read with interest your May 26 account of the necessary conditions the brave voyagers into space must encounter. One can only imagine the emotions of the reception committee of the selected planet, as they behold the incoming group. Clad from head to toe in plastic suits from which they have not emerged for some time, nourished on a diet of sugar water, paper towels—and that algae. Who could blame the committee if, to a man, they cut loose with, "Why don't you go back where you came from?"

MARGARET O. EBINGER

Monticello, N.Y.

Sir:

Enjoyed your article, but somehow I've lost all my desire to do any space traveling.

MICHAEL SLOAN

Lilly, Pa.

Assets for Scholarship

Sir:

The most refreshing item I have read recently was *TIME*'s Letter from the Publisher [June 2] on Teacher Levine and her class at San Leandro (Calif.) High School. I wish I could be present at the class and enjoy this wonderful method of developing young minds. The appalling lack of interest shown by both men and women today in what goes on around them and in the world is no end frustrating. And what is even worse, the art of social conversation has been forced to yield to the lure and fascination of TV.

NAN RUSSELL

Fern Park, Fla.

Afterthought

Sir:

In regard to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's suggestion [May 26] that Adlai Stevenson ("the historical knowledge and the quickness that are needed") and Auto Union Boss Walter Reuther ("toughness and acceptance of new ideas") are needed to handle the "ruthless, very clever, and very, very slick Russian leader": Perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt should have made this suggestion to F.D.R. before Yalta.

ERNEST A. NEWMAN

Portales, N. Mex.

A worn needle ruins records *just as surely*



Any needle that's been played too long develops chisel-like edges that slice away a record's delicate sound impressions. But, you can't hear the damage until it's too late — the change in sound quality is too gradual. That's why it's wise to check your needle often. And when it's time to replace, be wise again. Buy a Fidelitone Diamond. It gives you more hours of safe record playing for your money than any other type of needle. Don't gamble with the life of your records. Ask for the very best — a genuine Fidelitone Diamond needle — wherever you buy records.

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You and a guest can fly there non-stop aboard a luxurious Super Star Constellation of Lufthansa, the airline unsurpassed for comfort and service. Simply enter Fidelitone's "Name Your Favorite Tune" contest. George DeWitt, star of TV's top musical quiz show "Name That Tune" (CBS-TV Tuesday evenings), and popular Johnny Olsen may choose YOU! Get your contest entry blank today from any good record dealer where Fidelitone Phonograph Needles are sold.



Feats of Hercules No. 5

FROM THE SNOWS OF FUJIYAMA TO THE SANDS OF FLORIDA

The Lockheed C-130 HERCULES, now in service with the United States Air Force at Ashiya Air Base, Japan, won its "go anywhere, haul anything" reputation the hard way.

In snow landing and take-off tests at Bemidji, Minnesota, the "Ski-130" HERCULES performed prodigious feats of strength and power. At 124,000 pounds gross take-off weight the ski-equipped HERCULES was airborne in 2,100 feet. Carrying the same payload it landed and stopped in only 1,200 feet.

At Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, the

C-130 HERCULES (weighing 110,000 pounds) landed on sand and stopped in 947 feet. Take-offs from sand, with the same load, averaged only 1,500 feet.

This famous aerial "strongman" can carry 90% of all types of missiles now operational with, and under development for, the U.S. Armed Forces. The C-130 HERCULES is now in world-wide service, or scheduled for delivery to: USAF's Tactical Air Command, U.S. Air Forces-Europe, Pacific Air Force, Air Photo and Charting Service, other branches of the U.S. Armed Forces, and the Royal Australian Air Force.



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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

Ben Martin

THE picture on this week's cover story is of Mrs. Douglas Thom Jr., 23, a Manhattan model who symbolizes the American woman's search for beauty. Arkansas-born Jean Thom is the mother of a two-year-old boy, works about 25 hours a week at modeling for top cosmetic houses. She has a problem that most women who visit beauty salons would be delighted to share: she is petite (98 lbs.). Says Jean Thom: "I hate it. I take vitamin pills and everything to fatten up a bit." She spends about 20 minutes a day making up ("though I can draw it out to a process of ridiculous length when I have time"), does not stick to any set makeup rules but likes to experiment. For TIME Researcher Jean Franklin, gathering material for the cover story was also an experiment in the rites of beauty. She happily underwent two hair styings, a permanent, a luxurious facial, was sprayed, splashed and anointed with cosmetics by almost everyone. For the story of the U.S. woman's pursuit of beauty, see **BUSINESS, The Pink Jungle.**



COVER GIRL THOM AT HOME

"You can imagine the genuine feeling of satisfaction that lawyers had when they saw and read the superb coverage in the May 5 issue of TIME.

"It is my pleasure to forward to you a resolution of grateful thanks and appreciation:

"WHEREAS, for the first time in history May 1, 1958 was proclaimed Law Day, U.S.A., by the President of the United States, and

"WHEREAS, in the current status of national and international affairs it is desirable that the attention of the people of the United States be focused upon the rule of law and its tremendous importance and value to our nation and to the world, and

"WHEREAS, LIFE and TIME magazines gave unstintingly of their space, talents and influence to further the nation's awareness of the rights and privileges enjoyed by reason of our system of laws and courts,

"NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, That the State Bar of Michigan congratulate and thank the publishers, editors, photographers, artists and writers of LIFE and TIME magazines for their cooperation and excellent coverage of Law Day, U.S.A."

IN the six weeks since TIME published its Law Day, U.S.A. cover story on American Bar Association President Charles Rhyme [May 5], we have received many approving letters from lawyers, law students and jurists. One of the most gratifying came last week from Milton E. Bachmann, executive secretary of the State Bar of Michigan.

Law Day, U.S.A., wrote Lawyer Bachmann, "was launched by the American Bar Association, among other reasons, as a counter irritant to the unrelenting work of those who try to tear down our democratic form of government. State bar associations, county bar associations, large and small city bar associations, gave their collective and mighty support to the wonderful movement.

"But lawyers and their bar associations alone could not do the job adequately.

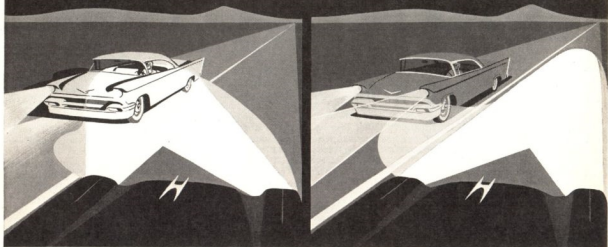
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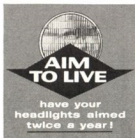
keep your lights on the safe side



**HAVE YOUR HEADLIGHTS AIMED TWICE A YEAR . . .
DIM THEM WHENEVER YOU MEET A CAR!**

**BE SURE YOUR CAR HAS THIS
STICKER BEFORE YOU START
YOUR VACATION TRAVEL!**

With vacations and increased night-time travel coming up, have your lights checked and aimed at your local AIM TO LIVE outlet. Get this sticker. It indicates your lights have been aimed right for safety . . . and that you AIM TO LIVE when you drive at night.



Follow these three easy steps to help you keep your lights on the safe side, and out of other motorists' eyes:

First, have your headlights aimed twice a year. Improperly aimed headlights may temporarily blind oncoming motorists. In addition, they can rob you of as much as 80% of your available light.

Second, dim your lights whenever you meet another car. Extend this simple courtesy to oncoming cars and when approaching from the rear. It will eliminate hazardous glare from bright lights and provide greater safety.

Third, have all your lights safety-checked periodically to be sure they are in proper working order. And if your headlights are three years old, replace with the new, modern headlamps (with three aiming points on the lens). They will give you 15% more light in a far better pattern, and they can be aimed quickly and accurately.

Stop at your General Motors dealer's or wherever you see the AIM TO LIVE sign. Let them put you on the safe side. Have them check and aim your headlights.

**AIM
DIM**

YOUR HEADLIGHTS TWICE A YEAR
THEM WHENEVER YOU MEET A CAR

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Democratic Tide

The Democratic tide slapped hard against Republican pilings 18 months ago when Democrats won slender control of Congress while Dwight Eisenhower swept to his re-election victory. It swirled and eddied ominously when traditionally Republican, Midwestern Wisconsin sent Democrat William Proxmire to the Senate ten months ago to fill the late Joe McCarthy's seat, and again last month when more Democrats turned out in the Ohio primaries than at any time in the last 20 years. Last week it surged unmistakably across politically powerful California, the G.O.P.'s last outpost on the West Coast. In the popularity-poll California primary, the Democratic candidate for Governor, State Attorney General Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, outpolled U.S. Senator William Knowland, Republican candidate for Governor, by 606,000 votes, and Democrats outpolled Republicans all up and down the ballot (*see Elections*).

Democratic bigwigs in Washington, eyeing the California results, predicted that in the November congressional elections the Democrats would improve their present 49-to-47 margin in the Senate by six to nine seats, would improve the present 233 to 198 in the House of Representatives by 30 to 50 seats. Eying 1960, states-rights-minded Southern Democrats got a special signal out of the Democratic prospects: if big Democratic years are ahead, they intend to fight for a veto power on the 1960 Democratic candidate. Republicans glumly talked of little more than cutting off their losses.

Last week the President listened while California's Bill Knowland reported on his own misfortunes and his party's in the California primary. Ike's comment was the understatement of the week: "We have just got to work."

ELECTIONS

Wave of the Future?

From chilly Crescent City to the furnacelike Imperial Valley last week the skies were clear and charged with excitement as 3,750,000 California primary voters went to the polls in the major U.S. primary election of 1958. Setting an off-year primary record, 64% of California's Republicans and 66% of the Democrats turned out. And by nightfall the big news was that California Democrats, traditionally nonpartisan types who dissipated



CALIFORNIA WINNERS ENGLE (CENTER) & BROWN IN WASHINGTON
As if it were November.

their big margin in registration (currently 990,000) by voting for well-known Republicans in California's cross-filing primary system, this year voted the straight Democratic ticket with unity. Result: the biggest California Democratic vote in any nonpresidential primary year.

As far as party nominations were concerned, everything went according to prediction. Attorney General Edmund Gerald ("Pat") Brown of San Francisco got the Democratic nomination for Governor on nondescript Democratic opposition. Senate Minority Leader William Fife Knowland, with no G.O.P. opposition, got the Republican nomination, and will fight out the governorship with Brown in November. In the battle for a Senate successor to Bill Knowland, Northern California's Congressman Clair Engle took the Democratic nomination. And G.O.P. Governor Goodwin J. Knight, who ran for the Senate after Knowland pressured him out of another term as Governor, won the Republican nomination over San Francisco's Mayor George Christopher.

The Lesser the Greater. But in its popularity-poll aspects, the vote told a remarkable story of resurgent Democratic strength. Items:

¶ In the battle for Governor, Democrat Brown 1) bested Bill Knowland in the

combined Republican-Democratic total by 606,000 votes, 2) ran ahead of Knowland in nearly all of California's 58 counties, 3) got a Democrat's largest vote since 1932, 4) took 23% of the Republican primary vote from an opponent who, six years ago, won both primaries and returned triumphantly to the Senate with the most votes (3,982,448) any California candidate ever got. Knowland polled 15% of the Democratic vote.

¶ In the U.S. Senate preliminaries, Democrat Engle's total (1,662,000) was only 255,000 less than the combined vote for Republicans Knight and Christopher. Clair Engle, never before in a statewide election, outpolled once-popular Goodie Knight by 525,000. And even Republicans admit that many votes for Christopher will go over to Engle in November.

¶ In congressional primaries, five incumbent Democratic Congressmen—and no Republicans—nailed down their seats ahead of time by winning both the Republican and Democratic nominations. So did 20 Democratic and five Republican candidates for the state legislature—a de-

* Around them, from left: Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey, California's Congressman John Moss, Mrs. Brown, California's Congressman Harlan Hagen.



KNOWLAND & WIFE
Rowing separately . . .

cided switch from patterns of previous primaries.

¶ In campaigns for lieutenant governor, controller, treasurer, and lesser jobs, the Democrats had higher vote totals than incumbent Republican opponents. And 69-year-old Frank Jordan, who followed his father as secretary of state and thus made the office a Jordan holding through most of the 20th century, ran neck and neck with a little-known Los Angeles Democrat named Henry Lopez, who had not even cross-filed in the Republican primary.

"I'm Running Independently." No sooner were last week's totals posted than California Republicans began to scratch for explanations. Did Bill Knowland fare so badly because his job in the Senate had limited him to 14 days' pre-primary campaigning? Maybe, but by the same token, Congressman Engle, also based in Washington, led his Republican opponent handsomely, though he was far less of a statewide personality. Had Knowland stirred up a hornets' nest of organized-labor opposition with his unqualified stand for a state right-to-work law? Labor certainly was out to beat him. But Republican Goodie Knight, longtime friend of organized labor, trailed badly.

The whys could better be explained on such grounds as these: 1) In 1952 California gave some semblance of partisanship to its primary ballots by requiring that cross-filing candidates be identified by party. While Republicans waxed fat on well-liked personalities, the Democrats skillfully rebuilt a party machine to take advantage of the challenge. 2) The Democratic tide is running in California as it is elsewhere around the U.S. 3) Recession and general uneasiness over world affairs stirred a protest vote of sorts. 4) Republicans were split and confused by *sub-rosa* battling between Knowland and Knight factions.

So angry did the Knowland-Knight

vendetta become in the last days of campaigning that in some scattered areas Knight's campaign aides drummed up Republican votes for Democrat Brown to embarrass Knowland, and Knowland workers performed the same service for Knight Opponent George Christopher. In the first flush of primary humiliation California Republicans showed signs of falling farther apart. Knowland at week's end had still avoided a direct Knight endorsement; Knight similarly ignored Big Bill. Appalled at the feuding, other G.O.P. nominees pulled back.

Said Modoc County Cattleman Harold J. ("Butch") Powers, incumbent Lieutenant governor who got the biggest vote (1,757,000) on the G.O.P. ticket: "Nobody that I know of has endorsed me, and I'm running independently." Even the low-lying Nixon forces were flirting with the idea of grabbing control of the November campaign from the Knowlandites. There was talk that Vice President Nixon would step in, not only to restore order but to protect his own presidential chances lest a Democratic victory this fall pull important California out from under him.

While Republicans bickered, new Democratic Big Wheel Pat Brown rolled merrily eastward for conferences with party hierarchy. He was received in Washington as a man who already had November under his belt. Said he, blinking through his half-rimmed spectacles: "I'm not used to anything like this." Then, remembering his role as the wave of the future, he added: "But I will be."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Letter-Perfect

Tension-easing notes in Moscow and Washington last week:

¶ Russia's Khrushchev sent a letter to President Eisenhower offering to buy U.S. products—paper-processing machines, refrigerators, automatic vending canteens, etc.; offered to sell some U.S.S.R. raw materials, e.g., manganese, platinum,



KNIGHT & WIFE
. . . against the tide.

chrome; dropped a broad hint that the U.S.S.R. would like some U.S. credits to buy U.S. heavy machinery. First U.S. reaction: credits doubtful; trade maybe.

¶ The U.S.'s Eisenhower got ready a letter to send to Khrushchev saying that it would be all right for the U.S.S.R. to bring along some qualified scientific delegates from Poland and Czechoslovakia to the all-but-scheduled U.S.-U.S.S.R. talks at Geneva on whether international inspection of a nuclear tests stoppage agreement can be worked out. Prognosis: the U.S. has all but decided to negotiate an inspected tests stoppage with the U.S.S.R. if adequate inspection systems can be agreed on.

THE CONGRESS

Retreat & Defeat

In general, Dwight Eisenhower's spring offensive had rolled through Congress with remarkable success; foreign aid authorization, tax bills, even reciprocal trade and defense reorganization were in remarkably good shape. But last week, in a minor skirmish, Ike got sandbagged into an embarrassing retreat by three Algerian-general types who are supposed to be on his side: Minority Leader William Knowland, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, Illinois' Everett McKinley ("Old Bear Grease") Dirksen.

At issue was a foreign aid bill amendment to relax the ironclad restrictions of the 1951 Battle Act, which ties the President's hands on aid to Communist countries. Sponsored by Massachusetts' Democrat John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the amendment authorized the President to extend economic aid to captive Communist countries if he believed that it would help loosen the bonds of "Sino-Soviet domination." It was practically an Administrative proposal; Secretary of State John Foster Dulles publicly endorsed it;



Hugh Hays—Greensboro Daily News
"Y'KNOW, THEY'RE PLAYING REAL BIG LEAGUE BALL OUT THERE THIS YEAR"

Dwight Eisenhower okayed it; the State Department helped draft it.

Brandished Threat. But the formidable trio of Knowland, Dirksen and Bridges wanted none of it. Facing defeat on the floor, the trio outflanked Kennedy & Co. by marching to the White House. If the Administration persisted in endorsing the Kennedy amendment, they warned, they would retaliate by slashing foreign aid funds. Retreating halfway, the President let word get out that he liked the principle of the Kennedy amendment, but was leaving it up to the Senate to decide whether to tack it on to the foreign aid bill or defer it for later action. Was he sure that this was where he wanted to stand? asked a White House staffer. Barked Ike: "Now look, I've told you three times—that's it."

Unappeased, Knowland, Bridges and Dirksen charged down on the President again last week, brandished their threat and demanded full retreat. Ike gave way, authorized Knowland to announce that the Administration still approved the amendment's principle but was opposed to tacking it on to the aid bill. When Jack Kennedy heard the news, he paled with anger, but even angrier were the Eisenhower Republicans who had loyally backed the amendment. Snapped Vermont Republican George Aiken: "We people who stick our necks out for the Administration can't count on it."

Unanswered Question. That evening, after Capitol Hill's most emotional debate of the year, 17 Democrats joined up with 26 Republicans to kill the Kennedy amendment by a single vote, 43 to 42. No Senator likes to go on record as voting for anything that could possibly be interpreted as helping Communism: that is why Dwight Eisenhower's firm and forthright approval was needed. Cried George Aiken, his eyes glistening with tears: "I am amazed by the statement that the President does not favor the proposal. Why did he let the Secretary of State favor it all this time?" Bill Knowland slumped grim-faced in his chair; Styles Bridges smiled wryly. Nobody answered. Nobody could.

Next day the Senate passed a \$3.7 billion foreign aid authorization—only \$229 million less than the President requested. Knowland, Bridges and Dirksen said aye, but it remained to be seen what they would do when the time came to vote on actual foreign aid appropriations.

On Capitol Hill last week:

¶ Without even taking a recorded vote, the House passed the Administration bill to extend for another year, at present levels, the corporation and excise taxes that were scheduled to shrink on July 1.

¶ In a spirit remote from last year's nickel-nipping mood, the House voted \$38,409,561,000 for defense—\$212,614,000 more than President Eisenhower requested. Part of the extra money is to go for keeping the Army, Marine Corps, National Guard and Reserves at present manpower levels. The Administration had planned to trim uniformed manpower, e.g., the Army from 900,000 men to

\$70,000, in keeping with missile-age defense concepts.

¶ Both Houses voted a 10% pay boost, retroactive to January, for more than 1,000,000 federal civil servants. Added annual cost: \$542 million.

¶ By a 12-1 margin, the Senate Labor Committee approved Jack Kennedy's labor-reform bill requiring unions to hold secret ballot elections at least once every five years, report to the Government on where the money comes from and goes. Kennedy managed to draft a bill that was both 1) hard-knuckled enough to win the indispensable endorsement of Arkansas' labor-investigating John McClellan, and 2) so kid-gloved that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. does not plan to denounce

match its spirit with an account of "more crusades that need to be waged." "My friends," said Dwight Eisenhower, "there are such tremendous pioneering tasks to undertake today that I believe it is almost safe to say that any one of your elders here today, if he could have one wish, would be joining this class, starting out to see what he could do about it."

Peace & Humor. The waging of a crusade was the preponderant theme for President Eisenhower as he swept through a busy week that enabled him to make the kind of personal contact that he likes. He whirled by helicopter up to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. There Commencement Speaker Eisenhower paid tribute to 899 graduates whose "loyalty to



DULLES GREETES PRIME MINISTER & WIFE AT WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT
The Soviet has satellites, the free world has allies.

it. The lone committee naysayer: Arizona's right-wing Republican Barry Goldwater, who called the Kennedy bill "milk toast," vowed to serve up his own hard-tack substitute on the Senate floor.

¶ Philadelphia Lawyer Robert C. Nix, newly elected to fill the unexpired term of a Congressman who resigned, took his seat on the Democratic side of the House, bringing the Congress' Negro membership to four, highest number since Reconstruction days.

THE PRESIDENCY Commencement & Survival

"We will not be cozened out of our birthright by the prophets of doom," orated 20-year-old Charles E. Hodges, valedictorian for 120 graduating seniors at Mount St. Mary's College in Emmitsburg, Md. The coal miner's son spoke for "thousands of graduates throughout the nation" in asking their elders "to place confidence in us." The response came minutes later on the same platform, when U.S. Citizen No. 1 praised the valedictory as the best he had ever heard, went on to

country—a perceptive, abiding loyalty—has become a guiding force in your lives." No longer, said Ike, may an officer of the military service be content to be a skilled technician capable of fighting a war.

"His function of helping prevent war and of furthering a just peace has become of transcendent importance . . . The armed forces have become, indeed, great shields to guard the peace." One helpful quality, concluded Ike, is "a healthy and lively sense of humor . . . I hope your own sense of humor is sufficiently active to assure your tolerance of the thoughts I have placed before you, even if you feel no compelling reason for pondering them."

Thus the President set the keynote for the stream of commencement speeches on hundreds of U.S. campuses, as leaders from government and civic ramparts heralded the June rites (see EDUCATION). Among the most distinguished was a visitor from Britain: Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who, after a harrowing transatlantic flight and a quick Washington welcome from Secretary of State Dulles, headed for Indiana by plane and auto to deliver his views on the cold war

PEACE: A STATE OF ACTIVE EFFORT

Britain's Macmillan Calls for Economic Push

After once turning back to London when his Britannia turboprop airliner sprang an oil leak, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan flew into Washington, then on to Greencastle, Ind. (22,300) this week to deliver the commencement address at DePauw University, successor to the

medical school attended by his Hoosier maternal grandfather in 1849. Spelling out "why the Soviet Union has satellites while in the free world we have allies," Macmillan laid out in cousinly candor the tough-minded assumptions that hold the free world together. Excerpts:

AFTER the first World War a sense of shock made many statesmen and people begin to think in terms outside the old pattern of national states, and to make a move along the path to a world unity. But the first League of Nations was a bold and noble effort to produce, in Pascal's words, "a world in which force is just and justice has force at its disposal." After the second World War a new attempt was made. In the first flush of enthusiasm the founders of the United Nations organization believed that they had found the answer. In the Security Council, mainly dominated by the great powers, was to be found the germ of a world administration or cabinet, and in the Assembly the beginning of a world congress or parliament. But once again events have proved too strong for us. To make anything like a world community all at once has been too big a step; and this time the attempt has foundered on the deep division in the world between two different concepts of society, of government, of man himself, and of man's relation to his Creator.

So there has grown between two great blocs of nations the division between what we roughly call the free world and the Communist world. There are some who feel that this struggle is necessarily fated to end either in war or by the triumph of revolutionary Communism. I believe that to be too pessimistic a judgment. Of course the free world must be firm as well as fair. We must not lower our guard. We must not fall victim to propaganda or to mere exhaustion. Nor must we delude ourselves by wishful thinking. We must not conceive of peace as a state of inactivity, something that can be just enjoyed; it has to be won by struggle and effort.

Nevertheless, in the long view I cannot believe that a country like Soviet Russia, developing so rapidly in all the technical, scientific and material improvements of life, will not in due course be subjected to the normal development of all civilized people. As the revolution sinks further and further into the background, as the

period of mass murder and torture and revolutionary methods becomes more and more remote, as the standard of the people rises, surely these very intelligent people will not be content forever with what is called the materialist doctrine. Sooner or later, however strong or coercive the central government, these men and women will begin to ask themselves the questions that man has always posed since first he came into the world. They will ask themselves the old questions and search for the answers: Who made us; why are we here; what is the purpose of life; is there right and wrong; is there sin; is there God?

No one who has studied the Marxist writers can fail to be impressed by the emphasis placed on destructive criticism of the capitalist system. Violent trade cycles and war are said to be inevitable products. Of course, we know that this is an utterly false view. Nevertheless, two things are true, which we have not yet all learned. First, prosperity, like peace, is indivisible; secondly, there are still too many artificial barriers to the free flow of money and trade in the free world. Just as the economies of the states of the Union of this continent grew together two hundred years ago, so, in some measure at least, must the economies of the free world today.

Since the war the U.S. has with unexampled generosity poured out its treasure all over the world, first to help its allies who were impoverished in the joint defense of freedom, and then to foster and protect the young economies of the newly independent states. All too little credit has been given for this; indeed, often you have found ingratitude.

But we have got to live and build, while we have the time, a fuller and freer world for ourselves. We have got to see that not only our military alliances but our political thought and economic policies match up to the level of the great scientific and technical advances which the world has made. Whether it be in a great Commonwealth like ours or a great continent like yours, we can no longer afford to think parochially.

before an audience at Indiana's DePauw University (see box).

Freedom & Reason. Though Ike completed his commencement rounds, there were still miles to go in his week. He helicoptered to Washington Airport to greet West Germany's President Theodor Heuss, 74, drove his distinguished guest to Blair House, and that evening presided over a state dinner (among the 60 guests: onetime High Commissioner of Occupied Germany John J. McCloy and onetime U.S. Military Governor Lucius D. Clay; former Ambassador to West Germany James B. Conant and present Ambassador David Bruce). In a formal exchange of toasts, Ike assured Heuss that the U.S. is united in admiration for its guest and his people, who are dedicated "today to freedom, to liberty and to the rights of man."

By way of pressing his crusade into Capitol Hill, the President breakfasted (cantaloupe, scrambled eggs and bacon, kippered herring, toast, coffee) with 15 Republican Congressmen. When the small talk amid the table clatter was over, Ike got his serious business off his chest. "These," said he, "are four simple musts." The four: Defense Department reorganization ("If war should come, and I pray that it doesn't, we would have to make improvements anyway"); a strong foreign aid bill to counter Soviet economic penetration; extension of reciprocal trade ("We all want to help domestic industries, but the only way the U.S. can survive is to have a fairly contented and hopeful international community"); the necessity of maintaining "a reasonable attitude" about the recession ("We must put our backs into these problems ... but we must also use our heads").

"What's the Date?" So engrossed was Ike in elaborating his "musts" that he forgot the time. At 9 o'clock one of the Congressmen broke in to remind him of his Cabinet meeting. As the party broke up, New Jersey's Peter Frelinghuysen asked the President to autograph his place card. "What's the date?" asked Ike. "June 6," said somebody. "Oh," mused the onetime Allied Commander in Chief, reaching for his pen. "D-day."

Last week the President also:

❑ Visited with former Army Secretary Frank Pace Jr., now General Dynamics Corp. president, who dropped by the White House with four young, eager U.S. politicians (Young Republicans' Chairman John Ashbrook and Treasurer Fred Dixon; Young Democrats' President Nelson Luncie and First Vice President Richard L. Crawford) who are on their way to a Paris convention next month. Object: to bring future political leaders of the NATO countries face to face while they are still in their intellectually formative years. Beamed Ike: "Splendid idea."

❑ Signed anti-recession bills permitting 1) the FHA to extend its mortgage-insuring activities by \$4 billion (to \$31.5 billion), 2) the Federal Government to advance money to states to extend unemployment compensation benefits (TIME, June 2), at the states' option, for half again as long as state law provides.

THE ECONOMY

Unemployment Down

JOBS UP, frontpaged the Cleveland *Press*. **IDLE DOWN**, headlined the Washington *Daily News*. What they had to report was not so much a rise and a fall as a direction: for the first time since the economy's sag set in nearly a year ago, the U.S. Government was able to report last week that unemployment had dropped at more than the usual seasonal rate. In a joint release, the Commerce and Labor Departments announced a May unemployment total of 4,904,000, down 216,000 from April. The unemployment percentage shrank from 7.5% of the labor force to 7.2%, and total employment rose to 64,061,000, showing a better-than-seasonal jump of 1,154,000.

To avoid spreading excessive cheer, Commerce-Labor pointed out that the silver cloud had a grey lining. Much of the May job increase resulted from a surge of hirings for construction projects that had been delayed by early spring's foul weather; employment in manufacturing, the economy's soft spot, actually declined again in May. And Capitol Hill's bearish Joint Economic Committee predicted last week that the economy will not get back its full pre-recession robustness until mid-1959 at the earliest, and possibly not until late 1960.

THE BUDGET

Deficit Up

One reason that the outcry for tax cuts and massive anti-recession Government spending programs died away so suddenly was that both responsible Republicans and Democrats suddenly became aware of a big new fact of economic-political life: without any more help at all, the U.S. already is heading for a massive budget deficit in fiscal 1959 (starting July 1).

Only five months ago President Eisenhower sent the 1959 budget to Congress, and it showed a slender surplus of \$500 million. Last week Budget Director Maurice H. Stans guardedly forecast a 1959 deficit "in the general magnitude of \$8 billion-\$10 billion, according to present tentative estimates." But Washington skeptics see more realism in the red-ink estimate issued by the staff of the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation: a dizzying \$11.1 billion. And even the Joint Committee's forecast may err on the cheerful side. It assumes:

Income of \$66.9 billion, or \$7.5 billion less than President Eisenhower's original estimate last January. But the Joint Committee took for granted a steady upturn in the economy's vigor during fiscal 1959, and not all economists are that hopeful.

Outgo of \$78 billion, or \$4.1 billion more than the President's January estimate. But Washington officials have conceded that 1959 spending might run as high as \$80 billion. If it does, unless the economy perks up sharply during the twelve months ahead, the 1959 deficit could reach \$13 billion or more.

TAXES

Lots of Little Bits

State governments work through such a bewildering variety of finance systems—mostly vintage masterpieces of political patchwork—that the U.S. Census Bureau needs about eleven months to reckon a firm figure for the actual money spent by all states in any given year. Last week Census popped up with its tally on spending by states for fiscal 1957: a record \$21,084,666,000, up 12% in the same year that federal expenditures (including state-run federal-aid programs) climbed only 4%. Since fiscal 1946, when legislatures set to work on the backlogged needs for schools and roads, hundreds of little hikes in taxes and debts have let the 48 governments push up their total annual outlay 15 times as fast as the one big Government in Washington.



Ernest Hamlin Baker
AEC's STRAUSS

By his deeds the U.S. is more secure.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Chairman Steps Down

"Dear Mr. President," wrote Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss. "It is hard for me to write this letter [but] circumstances beyond the control of either of us make a change in the chairmanship of the commission advisable." Thus, after five effective and harassed years, Strauss last week announced his retirement from his job when his term expires at month's end. He turned down President Eisenhower's offer to reappoint him for a second five-year term (TIME, June 9), accepted instead a new post as special presidential assistant for atoms-for-peace. Replied Dwight Eisenhower in a letter of rare warmth accepting Strauss's resignation: "Thanks in large measure to your early awareness of the broadest military implications of nuclear science, the U.S. and other free nations are more secure against the threat of attack."

First Enemies. The contributions of Lewis Lichtenstein Strauss, 62, courtly Virginian, onetime shoe salesman, onetime investment banker (Kuhn, Loeb & Co.), onetime Navy rear admiral (ordnance,

naval research, atomic energy), were as basic as President Eisenhower said they were. In 1947, as a Truman-appointed AEC Commissioner, Lewis Strauss (rhymes with laws) pushed through the nuclear-detection system that in September 1949 spotted the first Communist atomic blast, put the free world on guard. In October 1949, against the objection of all four of his fellow AEC Commissioners and all eight of Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer's General Advisory Committee, he recommended the development of the U.S. hydrogen bomb. He convinced AEC Commissioner Gordon Dean, while heavy support piled in from Secretary of State Dean Acheson and the Pentagon. After four agonizing months, on Jan. 31, 1950, President Truman announced that he had ordered work on the H-bomb begun. Lewis Strauss's key contributions as Dwight Eisenhower's AEC chairman: 1) pressing the role of private enterprise in atomic power, 2) fashioning the President's plan for atoms-for-peace, 3) arguing for continued nuclear-weapons tests until the U.S. could get an ironclad inspection system and Russian agreement to stop weapons production.

"For the first time in my life I have enemies," said Strauss, and he made plenty. He got inured, more or less, to gibes from public-power Democrats and from the pundits and scientists who resented his part in recommending the cancellation of the security clearance of Physicist Oppenheimer (TIME, April 19, 1954). But in recent months Strauss had come under attack of a sharp and intensely personal sort from New Mexico's Clinton P. Anderson, ranking Senate Democrat on the powerful and once circumspect Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

Dirty Stockpile. Anderson's vendetta reached a new low during an NBC-TV-radio *Meet the Press* show in April, when he attacked the Administration's position that it needed nuclear tests to develop clean bombs. Said he: "The military is steadily stockpiling dirtier bombs and... they have pulled bombs out of the stockpile and inserted something in that makes them dirtier... They want dirty bombs, and that's the best evidence in the world of what we're trying to do. We talk clean on the one side and stockpile dirty on the other side."

Anderson's broadside, promptly reported around the world, was an attack on the integrity of the U.S. of a sort unequalled in the Western countries since a few French and British polemicists joined the Communists in their charge of germ warfare in Korea. But Strauss kept his reply in low key. Its net (in which the Pentagon joined): Not true. Pouted Anderson from his privileged sanctuary on the Senate floor: "He in effect four times calls me a liar."

Chosen Successor. In such "circumstances beyond the control" of either the President or Strauss, Strauss decided to step aside for the good of the program. But he did not make his decision final until he had virtually hand-picked his successor: Los Angeles Shipping Executive

John Alex McCone, 56, onetime Under Secretary of the Air Force and longtime advocate of deterrent air power (see box). McCone was appointed to fill Strauss's seat on the commission, is expected to be named chairman after Senate approval.

"Mr. Strauss," said the Washington *Post and Times-Herald* on behalf of the gleeful critics "came to symbolize a kind of Aunty-Knows-Bestism . . . a mania on secrecy and security . . . vindictiveness . . . devious methods." But the New York *Daily News* blew a raspberry at the critics: ALL-AMERICAN STRAUSS. And the New York *Times*, whose editorial board had long seen more in Lewis Strauss than its Washington reporters, hurled forth a weighty "WELL DONE! . . . It is terrifying to think what the Soviets might have done with the hydrogen bomb if they had been the first to develop it."

Speaking for himself, Lewis Strauss left behind his own assessment of his job to

guide his successor: "The atom is amoral. The only thing that makes it immoral is man. We are making bombs because we hope to discourage the use of bombs against us by a government that doesn't make any pretense of morals."

POLITICAL NOTES

Water for the Elephant

Farm Economist William G. Murray, 54, on leave from Iowa State College to take his first flyer at statewide office, wasted no time on temper last winter when Republican bosses studiously ignored his early race for Governor. "I haven't carried enough water to the Elephant," he acknowledged after a glance over the shoulder toward plodding Lieut. Governor W. H. Nicholas, who at 65 has spent more than a generation tending every breed of party animal. Genial Billy Murray, a Presbyterian six-footer with a

scoutmaster's look of integrity and energy, made up for lost time by running a hand-shaking "survey" of voters in all 99 counties, asking the old pros of all factions for the advice they love to give. Some of them fell so in love with their own advice that they joined Murray's bandwagon, and in last week's primary it tolled to a thoroughly professional 110,000-to-85,000 victory over Lieut. Governor Nicholas.

Republicans of the Corn State, where the party's nod used to be enough to send a man to the Governor's chair, thus broke seniority rules to enlist the services of a fast-running newcomer. They had reason enough: Incumbent Herschel C. (for Cellet) Loveless, 47, rough-cut sample of the conservatism that marks today's Democratic Governors. By vetoing the legislature's extension of the sales tax at the 2½ level, thus letting it slip to 2%, Loveless last year won the retailers around

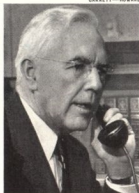
ATOMIC ENERGY'S McCONE A Private Dynamo in the Public Service

Named by President Eisenhower to a chair on the Atomic Energy Commission: California Industrialist John Alex McCone.

Beginnings. His Scots-Irish family has been in the machinery-manufacturing business since 1860, when grandfather John McCone started an iron foundry in Virginia City, Nev. His father opened branch plants in Reno, Los Angeles and San Francisco, where John Alex McCone was born Jan. 4, 1902. He studied engineering at the University of California, at Berkeley (B.S., '22), took his first job that year as a riveter and boilermaker with Los Angeles' Llewellyn Iron Works.

Development. A good man with a slide rule, and a born boss, he advanced to superintendent at Llewellyn, stayed with the company after a merger formed the Consolidated Steel Corp. in 1929, was executive vice president and director before his 32nd birthday. In 1937 he quit his job to set out on his own. First step: he helped organize the Los Angeles engineering firm of Bechtel-McCone Corp., which he headed. Second step: he married Idaho-born Rosemary Cooper. During World War II, Bechtel-McCone operated an Army Air Forces modification center for B-24s and B-29s. At the same time, McCone became president and director of the California Shipbuilding Corp., and wearing two hats, launched himself into a 15-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week schedule. At Calship, Engineer McCone found ways to set production goals higher than anyone thought possible, saw to it that they were met. Result: Calship produced 467 ships worth a billion dollars. Since World War II's end he has taken over and built up a onetime iron works into the Joshua Hendy Corp., which operates a fleet of 40 to 50 tankers and cargo ships. To avoid conflict of interest with his AEC job, McCone has agreed to resign from Hendy and dispose of conflicting business holdings.

The Full Life. Handsome, well-knit (5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs.), professorial-looking in his rimless glasses, McCone quietly but energetically pursued a career of public service



AEC NOMINEE McCONE

GABRIEL—HOWARD

while advancing his private fortunes, became a director of the Stanford Research Institute, a trustee of Caltech, a regent of Loyola University of Los Angeles, helped form the Los Angeles World Affairs Council, took up gardening, golf. First role in national affairs came when Democrat Harry Truman appointed Republican McCone to the Air Policy Commission, where he helped Thomas K. Finletter write the farseeing 1948 report on the need for U.S. airpower, *Survival in the Air Age*. He was appointed Air Force Under Secretary under Finletter in 1950, for 16 months campaigned tirelessly for a bigger Air Force slice of the defense budget. In August 1950, with typical foresight, he recommended to President Truman that the U.S.'s embryo guided-missile program be conducted by a man with full authority and control of funds to exercise "absolute power

over the entire effort," counseled a similar course when President Eisenhower called for help in the Sputnik I uproar. Although he resigned in 1951 from his Air Force job, McCone repeatedly returned to public life: in 1952 he made a five-day inspection of the Korean air front for Finletter and Air Force Chief of Staff Hoyt Vandenberg (recommendation: "more training"); in 1954 he served on the Wriston committee, organized to recommend ways of strengthening and modernizing the diplomatic service; in 1956, as a ranking Roman Catholic layman, he was appointed by Ike to represent the U.S. in Rome at the observances of Pope Pius XII's 17th installation anniversary.

The New Job. A longtime friend of the President, McCone has often been an unpublishable visitor at the White House, where he has joined Ike for end-of-day, feet-on-table meetings in the upstairs study. At Ike's behest, too, Defense Secretary Neil McElroy has called on McCone for advice on defense reorganization. AEC's Strauss for at least four years has been trying to get McCone to join the AEC. Having finally agreed, at considerable wrench to his personal life, John McCone will characteristically dig deep for his own answers in the growing national atomic debate.

the border counties, then placated other groups by looking sad when he had to veto the school program that the sales tax would have supported. In outspoken contrast, Professor (of Agricultural Economics) Murray lectures that the sales tax is the only way to keep property taxes from "going through the ceiling," generally talks like a friendly revenue agent. Unless he can pull off a miracle to top his primary performance, his campaign against Loveless is likely to be just a water haul for the ailing Iowa G.O.P.

Victory for Extremists

In Alabama the Democratic Party last week pledged itself to the brand of extremist politics that has been rife in the South since Little Rock. Items:

¶ In the runoff primary for Governor, Attorney General John Patterson, 36, piled up a record vote to defeat Circuit Judge George Wallace by 64,388 even after Patterson had been unmasked as the favorite of Ku Klux Klan leaders and had made a public appeal for the votes of Klansmen. Opponent Wallace, himself an unhooded knight of white supremacy, first attacked Patterson for his K.K.K. ties, then shut up when he saw that the charge was backfiring in Patterson's favor. More important than the Klan issue was the fact that Patterson had taken a tough stand against retiring Governor "Kissin' Jim" Folsom and ridden the across-the-ballot tide against Kissin' Jim's political kin.

¶ Electing their 72-man state executive committee the Democrats gave a narrow (39 to 33) edge to the states' rights extremists. The new committee promptly repealed the loyalty oath by which state party candidates, including presidential electors, are pledged to support the candidates of the national party. Purpose: a warning to Northern Democrats and everybody else that the Alabama party is ready to go Dixiecrat again on the civil rights issue.

In Tennessee last week, three-time Governor Prentice Cooper, 62, stepped into the primary race for the U.S. Senate against able Democrat Albert Gore, Cooper, white supremacist, decided that Tennessee's resentment over Little Rock will let him whip up a lively campaign before the Aug. 7 Democratic primary, started off by reminding voters that Albert Gore refused to sign the 1956 Congressional Southern Manifesto denouncing the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision.

DEFENSE

Down from the Peak

President Eisenhower likes to scoff at last fall's uproar over Sputnik as the "Sputnik attitude"—a period of frenzy that the U.S. would do well not to repeat. But Texas Democrat George H. Mahon, hard-working chairman of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, warned his colleagues last week that the Sputnik attitude has vanished too fast for the nation's good.



U.S.S. INDEPENDENCE AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD
Is the old queen still fairest of them all?

The New York Times

When Russia sent the first man-made earth satellite into orbit last October, said Mahon during debate on the \$38 billion defense appropriation, "we became aroused, humiliated, angry, frustrated and determined. Now the anger has cooled and the determination has been blunted." From a "peak of awareness and urgency," the U.S. has backslid to "the humdrum plane of complacency." And complacency is dangerous. "The Soviet threat to our pre-eminence in industry, science and military striking power is steadily increasing. We have long been accustomed to think of the U.S. as occupying an unchallenged and unchallengeable position. We cannot afford to make such assumptions today."

ARMED FORCES

New Carrier

New York State champagne frothed across the bow of the fourth of the U.S.'s 60,000-ton *Forrestal*-class supercarriers at the New York Naval Shipyard in Brooklyn last week, and the Navy christened her *Independence*. The Navy's provisional date for commissioning *Independence*: some time in January. She will be powered by turbines producing 250,000 h.p., is figured to reach a top speed of nearly 35 knots, will carry 100 planes and launch them at the rate of eight a minute, be manned by a crew of more than 4,000. Total cost of the carrier without aircraft: \$200 million.

But even as the Navy hailed *Independence* as the biggest warship in the world (the liners *United States* and *America* would fit beam to beam on her flight deck), opposition was strong in Congress against the Navy's overall carrier doctrine. Part of the opposition comes from supporters of the Air Force's Strategic Air Command, who believe that supercarriers put the Navy into the Air Force's business of strategic nuclear attack. But the

most effective fight is coming from Navy types who contend that too much money is going into carriers that are vulnerable to both missiles and submarines, too little into the U.S. Navy's own Polaris-missile-toting nuclear submarine program. Last week the House of Representatives weighed next year's Administration defense appropriation request, in which there was money for five nuclear submarines but not one cent budgeted for a new carrier for the first time since 1951. Nevertheless, Navy plans still call for construction of two more *Forrestals*, for a total of six, plus two atomic-powered attack carriers.

"In short," wrote the *New York Times* Military Correspondent (and Annapolis man) Hanson Baldwin, "some sections . . . believe that the carrier is no longer the queen of the seas and that the missile submarine is the future capital ship of the world's fleets." Baldwin added a sailor's salty appraisal that "the carrier is still useful but less so than in the past."

Questions for Debate

The U.S. is headed right up through space toward an annual defense budget of \$60 to \$70 billion within the next ten years (v. 1958's \$39 billion) unless it faces up soon to some basic choices. Next week at the U.S. Marine station at Quantico, Va., 175 of the nation's top military and civilian defense experts will take off coats and jackets, roll up their sleeves to wrestle with the big questions. Items:

¶ Since the price of military hardware is rocketing (e.g., a B-58 costs \$8,000,000, the projected B-70 "chemical bomber" may cost as much as \$20 million), where can cuts best be taken? One favored answer: in manpower, by cutting active forces, reserves and National Guard contingents. One offbeat item that could cut the budget to the tune of \$10 billion: an efficient reconnaissance satellite that

would keep the U.S. so well posted on the movements of any potential enemy that it might be able to trim its estimates of the losses to be suffered in surprise attacks.

¶ How many strategic-weapons systems does the U.S. need to be certain that at least one system will be wholly effective? Currently the U.S. is developing five systems: the Navy's submarine-based Polaris, the intercontinental ballistic missile, the intermediate-range ballistic missile to be based overseas, advanced land-based bombers and carrier-based aircraft. A weapons-systems evaluation group is studying the problem, is scheduled to make recommendations to the Joint Chiefs of Staff by next month.

¶ Can the U.S. still afford to be tied to a procedure that prohibits the use of defensive atomic weapons without a presidential order? As the warmaking prowess of the enemy advances and consequently shortens the reaction time needed for the U.S. to defend and retaliate, continental-defense commanders believe they should be authorized to use any super-weapon in the U.S. arsenal at an instant's notice.

¶ Should the U.S. expand its limited war capability? Since it is likely that a U.S.-Russian war, if it ever comes, will be an all-out conflict, the so-called "limited" war—if it comes—seems likely to engage the U.S. against a relatively underdeveloped country. The U.S. is fairly well prepared for limited war with airborne Army divisions, Marine units and carrier forces. Says Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, whose Quantico briefcase will be packed with tentative answers to most of the questions: "It would have to be a very big limited war, or one that broke out in several parts of the world simultaneously, for us not to be able to cope with it." Special problem, still unresolved: civil war where the U.S. cannot commit its own forces, yet cannot afford to let a Communist-backed faction win out.

FARMERS

Grasshoppers Coming

Just as the wheat farmers and cattlemen in the old dust-bowl area saw success ahead with lots of rain, big crops and good prices, along—as always—came something else. Last week, in millions of waving green acres of western Kansas, eastern Colorado, and extending north into Nebraska and south into the Texas Panhandle and New Mexico, the something else was the promise of the worst grasshopper plague in 20 years.

Out of the ground, where female hoppers deposited pods of 50 to 75 eggs apiece last summer, crawled up to 600 tiny, green, perfectly shaped grasshoppers per square yard (60 is a bad infestation) in fine, husky condition because of the mild winter and heavy rain. In a few weeks the hoppers, now no bigger than a grain of rice, will be big brown adults, devouring every green thing in sight and, as if on signal, taking off in cloudlike migratory flight to other fields.

As federal entomologists ordered up all

available spraying and poison-bait-spreading equipment for a cooperative federal, state and local property-owner field-by-field battle on hoppers, Colorado's Democratic Governor Steve McNichols led a delegation to Washington and urged stepped-up federal aid. (Colorado's legislature had refused to set up emergency funds for such disasters.) Warned McNichols: "They're crawling all over the land right now. If they take flight, the good Lord only knows where they'll go."

RECREATION

F. & J. at Play

Come crisis, Congress, conference or Communism, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles tries to slip away from his job every couple of months to rest and think. And when he gets away, in thorough Thoreau-going fashion he goes very



John Zimmerman

JANET DULLES

At the brink, oranges on the rocks.

nearly to population's brink. He and his wife Janet pack a single bag, fly to Watertown, N.Y., board a twin-engine amphibious plane near Lake Ontario, and fly out to their own private Duck Island (3 sq. mi.) and their primitive three-room log cabin—bare of telephone, electricity, running water and plumbing. Foster Dulles cherishes his island privacy, but on the urging of the New York Herald Tribune's Washington Bureau Chief Robert John Donovan, he agreed to take along a reporter on his last trip. The reporter: wife Janet. Excerpts from her careful diary of a typical day at the retreat (with J. for Janet, F. for Foster):

7 a.m.—J.F.D. generally gets up.

7:30—F. gets open fire (and iron stove if it is cold) going. Heats hot water and squeezes lemon juice for J.

8—J. gets up and, if water is warm enough, swims and eats oranges on rocks.

8:9—Eat breakfast. Typical breakfast—fruit—oranges, bananas, local berries,

other fruit in season. Cereal—oatmeal, or cold dry, according to season. Heavy cream. Meat, fish, eggs—corned beef hash with eggs; fresh fried blackfish with salt pork; ham or bacon with eggs; creamed chicken (left over) on toast, etc. Honey or marmalade on toast made over open fire.

9:10:30—Wash and dry dishes. F. both. F. dumps garbage, slops and contents of wastepaper baskets; hauls water, splits small wood and brings logs and small wood into cabin for day's fires. Fills kerosene lamps, etc. J. dusts and sweeps, polishes tables, makes beds, replaces burned candles, etc. F. shaves and then both relax. J. does a crossword puzzle and F. makes "log" notes and checks on birds seen during morning.

10:30:5—Depends greatly on season and weather. Early spring and fall—walks, looking for deer, birds and flowers. Tree surgery, fertilizing, etc. In early spring, tap maples for syrup. Cut down dead trees, sawing and chopping. Target practice with .22 rifle. . . . Trips to fishermen's harbor, checking on supplies in stone house, and buying trout or whitefish from commercial fishermen. Clean black bass, perch or rock bass we have caught. Pick wild strawberries, raspberries or bilberries, according to season. On rainy days F. often works on speeches, particularly before dinner. J. typewrites for him.

No luncheons.

4:30 p.m. or thereabouts—Pre-dinner swim or wash. Plan dinner. (Meals are quite elaborate and are carefully thought out.)

6:7—Dinner. Typical dinner—cocktails (J. martini, F. rye) with appetizer: hickory nuts from island; raw carrots and celery; tinned lobster, crab or anchovies; broiled giblets, etc., or *pâté de foie gras*. Hot hors d'oeuvres on Japanese habachi, making blinis (small pancakes) for caviar and sour cream, broiled mushrooms, etc. Soup—tinned (wide choice) or from chicken or beef stock we have made. Or broiled lobster tails or cold broiled fish with mayonnaise. Entrée—meat (generally chops, beefsteak, chicken or veal cutlet) or fish (lake trout *au court bouillon*). Chops and steak broiled over open fire. Chicken similarly broiled or else boiled with rice. Veal cutlets dredged in flour, cooked in skillet with water and served with mushroom sauce. Squab chicken on spit before open fire. Two green vegetables, potatoes or rice. Sweet pie or homemade pudding, such as apple betty, bread pudding, rice pudding, custard; cookies or homemade cakes or gingerbread, canned fruit; canned *babes au rhum*, etc. Salad with French dressing in warm weather. Cheese—black diamond, Canadian cheddar, with pie or, usually, with cognac after dinner.

7:7:30—Cognac and cheese, out of doors if weather permits.

7:30:8—Clearing table, washing dishes. 8:8:30—Walks or canoeing if weather permits.

8:30:9—In bathhouses, in front of fire. J. reads aloud, some book of travel or adventure.

FOREIGN NEWS



DE GAULLE ENTERING ALGIERS

Erich Lessing—Mognum

After the cheers, a virtuoso's blend of compromise and judicious pressure.

FRANCE

The Providential Man

Out of the kaleidoscopic confusion of events in France emerged two arresting facts. In his first seven days in power Charles de Gaulle had managed to give his country firmer government than it had known in the preceding seven years. And in the process the stiff old soldier from Colombey-les-Deux Eglises had displayed precisely the two qualities his critics insisted that he lacked—a talent for conciliation and a mastery of political maneuver worthy of a Talleyrand or a Tammany sachem.

The first glimpse of the new De Gaulle came early in the week when the National Assembly, in a characteristic bit of legislative haggling, attempted to tie the general's hands by proposing that if he wanted to change the French constitution, he would have to have Assembly approval before his plan could be submitted to popular referendum. The manner in which De Gaulle beat off this threat—he rushed over to the Assembly and threatened to resign on the spot—was out of his old bag of tricks. He got his powers at 12:30 a.m., and by a 350 to 163 vote. Since this was a three-fifths majority, he was free to submit his new constitution directly to the people.

The Final Proof. What was novel about his performance was his willingness to save the Assembly's face by entering into the parliamentary game. He answered questions skillfully. When one right-wing speaker compared him to Robespierre, who started the Terror and in the end died by it, De Gaulle (according to *Figaro Littéraire*) turned to Minister of State Guy Mollet and murmured, "Curious. I always thought I was Jeanne d'Arc and Bonaparte. How little one knows oneself."

In a brief speech De Gaulle paid tribute to opponents (such as ex-Premier Pierre Mendes-France) "to whom I re-

main attached by bonds which held firm in the past and which will, I think, hold firm in the future."

When he was questioned as to the Assembly's prospects for survival under his regime, De Gaulle's answer brought involuntary roars of laughter from the Deputies, all of whom are keenly conscious of his deep-seated contempt for their past shenanigans. Purred De Gaulle: "The final proof that I have no intention of depriving myself of an Assembly elected by universal suffrage is, dear sir, the pleasure and honor that I find in being among you tonight."

With Parliament under control—it went on a four-month "vacation" the

following day—De Gaulle faced to the most overriding threat to public order: the continued defiance from Algiers. For four days, both in Paris and Algeria, he maneuvered endlessly to bring the 500,000 soldiers and 1,000,000 European civilians in Algeria back under the authority of the central government. (The general's only nonofficial appointment during this period: a brief chat with naval Lieut. Commander Philippe de Gaulle,* a gaudy carbon copy of the Charles de Gaulle of 30 years ago.) By a virtuoso's blend of compromise and judicious pressure (see below), De Gaulle succeeded in restoring some degree of discipline in the army, thereby nullifying the civil war threat of the right-wing civilian ultras of Algiers.

The Price of Napoleons. The second crisis immediately facing France—the real prospect of international bankruptcy—De Gaulle put in the capable hands of grey little Antoine Pinay, the man who "saved the franc" in 1952. (No economist, De Gaulle last week waved off Pinay's one attempt to outline an economic policy to him with the comment: "As I said, you're my Finance Minister.") Pointing unhappily to the fact that France's deficit with the European Payments Union ran \$76.6 million in May, Pinay flatly warned that France probably would have to defer meeting its obligation to ease tariffs and import quotas under the European Common Market treaty. Simultaneously, he opened negotiations with the U.S. to defer payment of \$54 million due on U.S. loans to France at the end of



GENERAL MASSU & BOSS

After the courtesies, a chewing-out.

* The elder of De Gaulle's two surviving children. His second child, Elizabeth, 37, is married to an army colonel on service in Algeria. The De Gaulles' youngest child, Anne, was feeble-minded and weak of body, and because she needed it most, got most of her parents' affection until her death at 18 in 1948 of bronchopneumonia. In her memory, Madame de Gaulle founded and still supervises the Anne de Gaulle home for retarded children.



DE GAULLE & SOUSTELLE (FAR RIGHT) FACING THE ALGIERS CROWD
On from Brazzaville toward federation.

Intercontinental—Gillon

this month. So great is Pinay's prestige with French businessmen that, despite these gloomy announcements, prices on the Paris Bourse began to climb and the price of gold Napoleons—always a measure of French public confidence in a government—sank from the crisis level of 4,000 francs to a mere 3,600.

While Pinay coped with the economy, De Gaulle with unflagging energy plunged at last into the problem that he believes underlies all the rest of France's political difficulties: the nation's lack of a strong executive. Late in the week, after a brisk Cabinet meeting, De Gaulle emerged with a tentative plan to have his proposed constitutional reforms, including major changes in the relations between France and its empire, ready for a referendum on Oct. 5. Amidst predictions of disaster from France's pessimists, he also announced that municipal elections—the first in six years—would be held in revolt-torn Algeria next month.

White Gloves & Scarlet Braid. At week's end, as the tumult in France began to subside, a covey of cars laden with luggage drew up before the Hotel Matignon, official residence of France's Premiers, and quiet, motherly Yvonne de Gaulle set about a practiced housekeeper's inspection of her new home. She had already ordered two cocktail dresses and two evening gowns from Couturier Jacques Heim. The only visible change made in deference to the new occupants of the Hotel Matignon was the sight of the guards: normally clad in quiet blue uniforms, they had blossomed out in more regal white gloves, white belts, and great swatches of scarlet braid. And the usually bored ushers, who had seen more than two dozen French Premiers come and go since the war, crowded the windows to witness the arrival of the slightly paunchy, stiff and self-assured Premier who looked as if he would be around for a while.

ALGERIA

Successful Mission

Shortly after 11 o'clock one morning last week, a gull-white Caravelle jet airliner accompanied by eight Mistral fighters in V formation came streaking in over the Mediterranean over the North African coast. A few minutes later at Maison-Blanche airport, Charles de Gaulle, clad in the undecorated sultan uniform of a brigadier general, stepped down onto the soil of Algeria—the first French Premier to show his face there since an Algiers mob greeted Socialist Guy Mollet with a shower of rotten tomatoes in February, 1956.

Before De Gaulle, as he well knew, lay a stern and pivotal mission. He hoped in time to end the Algerian Moslems' four-year-old war for independence. But first he had to end the threat of civil war posed by the insurgent French soldiers and settlers of Algeria. Only the day before, Léon Delbecq, dynamic leader of the rebel junta (TIME, June 9), his once boundless faith in De Gaulle shaken by his idol's failure to name a single insurgent leader to a government post, had appeared in Paris to warn the general that unless De Gaulle revamped his Cabinet, his trip to Algeria would end in disaster.

Sixty for Lunch. All along De Gaulle's hour-long route from the airport to the city of Algiers, thousands of Algerian French, urged on by cheerleaders, dutifully shouted "Vive De Gaulle!" But their loudest cheers were raised for Jacques Soustelle, right-wing firebrand, onetime Governor General of Algeria, who also rode in the procession. At De Gaulle's first stop in Algiers—to lay a cross of Lorraine wreath at the foot of the city's World War I memorial—beefy Jacques Soustelle, grinning with delighted embarrassment, was obliged to gesture his admirers to silence before De Gaulle could

capture their attention. De Gaulle looked pained.

At lunch in De Gaulle's temporary headquarters—the Moorish Palais d'Été, where Admiral Jean Darlan was assassinated 16 years ago—the insurgents stepped up their pressure. De Gaulle had expected 15 luncheon guests: instead, 60 self-confident members of the Algerian Committee of Public Safety showed up to urge the general to make Soustelle his Minister for Algeria. Then, in something audaciously close to an ultimatum, Paratroop General Jacques Massu spelled out what the insurgent leaders expected of De Gaulle:

- ¶ Endorse Soustelle's policy to integrate Algeria into Metropolitan France;
- ¶ Eliminate "the vestiges of the system," i.e., dismissal from his Cabinet such moderate parliamentarians as Ministers of State Guy Mollet and Pierre Pflimlin;
- ¶ Recognize the 200-odd Public Safety Committees in France and Algeria as the backbone of his government.

When Massu had finished, De Gaulle courteously but firmly announced: "*L'Algérie, c'est moi*"—a characteristically grandiloquent phrase that turned out to mean he intended to act as his own Minister for Algeria, and to use pliable Five-Star General* Raoul Salan, overall French commander in the area, as his deputy on the spot. Suavely De Gaulle added that Soustelle would soon be called to Paris "to take up the high position he deserves." As soon as the opportunity presented itself, France's new Premier took the insubordinate Massu aside, gave him an old-fashioned three-minute military chewing-out, concluding with the words: "Henceforth, my generals will be administrators, not politicians."

"I Have Understood." The hours that followed this initial display of firmness were critical ones. The men whom De Gaulle was trying to bring to heel had made one revolution and were quite capable of making another. They were also men who, for all their shouts of "Vive De Gaulle!" believed that they had brought him to power and had some claims to controlling him. A few hours later, when it came time for De Gaulle to address the people of Algiers from the now famous balcony of the Government General Building, two of his ministers who had come from Paris with him were nowhere to be found. Minister of State Louis Jacquinot and Minister for the Sahara Max Lejeune had been decoyed from the general's side and confined in an isolated office under temporary guard. "Lejeune is lucky to be alive," snapped one member of the Public Safety Committee later. "If he had not come with De Gaulle, we would have executed him."

At this point, had De Gaulle tried to widen the breach, he might have lost the day. He was too clever for that. Having quickly taken the temperature of Algiers, De Gaulle (yet unaware of what had hap-

* De Gaulle himself wore only the two stars of a brigadier on his kepi, the same rank as Paratrooper Massu.

pened to his two ministers) proceeded to deliver a speech that contained whole phrases lifted from Massu's abortive ultimatum. De Gaulle's opening salvo was the simple, ringing statement: "I have understood you"—a fatherly offer of absolution for the civic misbehavior of the past weeks that sent the Algiers crowd into wild cheers. Then, playing to his audience, De Gaulle paid tribute to the "ardent, coherent and disciplined French army" and trumpeted the insurgents' slogan that "in all Algeria . . . there are only Frenchmen."

But along with these crowd-catching phrases, De Gaulle included a few jolts for the *colons*. He paid cautious tribute to Algeria's Moslem rebels for putting up a fight "that is courageous but that is cruel and fratricidal." And he bluntly spelled out what he meant by proclaiming the equality of French and Moslem Algerians: "This means a livelihood must be given to those who have not had it. This means that dignity must be granted to those whose dignity was contested." It also meant, added De Gaulle, dropping a political blockbuster, that "not later than three months hence" the 9,000,000 Moslems of Algeria would start to vote along with all other Frenchmen on a one-man-one-vote basis, would be entitled to elect "their representatives to the public powers as all other Frenchmen will do."

The Door of Reconciliation. From Cairo the high command of the F.L.N., the Algerian Moslem independence movement, angrily objected: "What we want is independence and nothing else . . ." As for Algeria's *colons*, whose overriding goal is the maintenance of European privilege in Algeria, De Gaulle's prescription was all unpalatable medicine, unless—as Soustelle proposed—Algeria's 9,000,000 Moslems were integrated into the population of France, adding perhaps 100 seats to the National Assembly and untold costs to the French taxpayers.

Not once did De Gaulle use the word integration. Instead, he seemed to foresee a "federal" relationship between France and its former overseas territories—a concept that he first expounded in rudimentary form at the French African conference in Brazzaville in 1944. Perhaps deliberately, in order to work out a system flexible enough to include sovereign states—Tunisia and Morocco—as well as possessions—Tahiti, Madagascar, French West Africa, French Equatorial Africa—De Gaulle refused to go into detail.

Presumably De Gaulle's new "French community" would consist of a series of autonomous states, each with its own parliament and government, and capped by a federal parliament and government.

Given the reactionary mood of the Algerian "French"—a large percentage of whom are Spanish, Corsican or Italian by descent—this was a hard plan to proclaim at the moment. But in his three-day tour of Algeria's major cities, De Gaulle threw out plenty of hints to the Moslem population. In Constantine, "the cradle of the Algerian war," he made an open appeal to the men of the F.L.N., "to whom I

throw wide the door of reconciliation" to participate in the prospective Algerian elections and thus, in effect, to win legal status as spokesmen for Algeria's Moslem majority. In Mostaganem, near Oran, he subtly made it clear that he was prepared to treat France and Algeria as separate entities: "With those [elected representatives] who come from here, we will examine all that must be done for the future of Algeria."

No Pushing Allowed. At the same time, De Gaulle never once lost sight of the immediate objective of his trip. Day by day, he and his aides maneuvered the French soldiers and settlers ever closer to renewed submission to Paris. When Léon Delbecq, muttering that the insurgents "did not cross the Rubicon to

out conditions and without reservations."

As his jetliner carried him back to France, Charles de Gaulle was keenly aware that the men he left behind him, although outwardly submissive, were inwardly seething with disappointment and discontent. For weeks, perhaps months to come, the European population of Algeria would be restive and potentially dangerous. But it was a measure of De Gaulle's moral force and the success of his mission that not a single member of the Committee of Public Safety had dared to challenge the general's parting shot: "You must help De Gaulle, but you must not push him. He would not like that."

GREAT BRITAIN

A Whiff of Grape

Pish for thee, Iceland dog! Thou pricked cur of Iceland!

—Shakespeare, Henry V

Elizabethan epithets and their modern equivalents resounded in the ancient British trawler ports of Grimsby and Hull last week, and the Queen's ministers sent off an ultimatum to Reykjavik that called up memories of gunboats and a whiff of grape. Reason: Iceland last week proclaimed, effective Sept. 1, a twelve-mile fishing limit off its coasts, a zone drawn from the outermost points instead of bending like a ribbon to follow the contours of the coast.

"Her Majesty's government," said the British Foreign Office in its stiffest note since Suez, "must point out that it would be their duty to prevent any unlawful attempt to interfere with British fishing vessels on the high seas." (An international conference last April failed to agree on a three-, six- or twelve-mile limit, leaving it up to what each nation can enforce.) Although Iceland had not yet talked of using gunboats itself, "Her Majesty's government," continued the note, "finds it difficult to believe that the Icelandic government would use force against British fishing vessels in order to secure compliance" with a decree both "unilateral" and "against international law."

This was strong talk between two NATO allies. But for generations 25% of all British fishermen's catch has been taken just beyond the three-mile limit, in the haddock- and cod-cramped waters of the Icelandic shelf. At stake is nothing less than the traditionally cheap fish-n-chips fare of the great seafaring nation. Iceland explained it acted only from "the need to conserve" the cod and haddock. Icelanders themselves now net 48% of the catch (up 17% since before the war), and it furnishes 90% of their exports. Biggest customer: Soviet Russia, which last year bought \$20 million worth.

The British, their dander up, were convinced that hostile anglers are fishing in Iceland's troubled waters. Iceland's Fisheries and Trade Minister Ludvig Jørgensen is a Communist, and forced the twelve-mile limit through the country's coalition Cabinet against the objection of more NATO-minded ministers. The So-



Intercontinentale-Gilson
INSURGENTS SALAN & DELBECQUE
Across the Rubicon into submission.

go fishing," sought to make an inflammatory broadcast, a chastened General Massu refused to let Radio Algiers carry it. (Smiled one De Gaulle aide: "Poor Massu. He is not very clever. But he is beginning to understand.") A mass meeting to protest the makeup of the De Gaulle Cabinet was hastily called off when its organizer, Student Leader Pierre Lagaille, was threatened with jail.

And in Oran, shortly before his return to Paris, De Gaulle, in the presence of Soustelle, Delbecq, and Massu, flatly ordered the insurrectionary Public Safety Committees to get out of politics. Said he: "Authority is in the hands of General Salan and his subordinates, and it must not be contested. You have no more revolutions to make because the revolution has been accomplished." In reply, the Algiers Public Safety Committee pledged itself to support De Gaulle "with-

viet ambassador, who has signed agreements with Comrade Josepsson to buy about a third of Iceland's catch, was quick to proclaim Russian support of the new twelve-mile decree. The British Admiralty accordingly let it be known that four new frigates might shortly be added to the arctic fishing protection squadron.

WESTERN EUROPE

Rites of Spring

One of the familiar rites of spring in Western Europe is the general election. Last week millions of Europeans in three countries, two of them free and the third restless under paternalism, cast their ballots. Results:

¶ In Sweden Tage Erlander's Socialists, who have dominated Swedish politics for 25 years, returned to power with a limited mandate. The nation's 4,000,000 ballots were split evenly for and against them. Socialists gained six seats but fell short of a majority in the 231-seat lower house, will still need the help of the minuscule Communist Party (five seats) to maintain their welfare state, and put through a new program to pay everyone in retirement a pension that is two-thirds of the average of their 15 best years' salary. The election showed a hardening of opposition to this expensive outlay. Agrarians and Conservatives, who are most opposed to the idea, picked up at least 14 seats.

¶ In Belgium the country was almost evenly divided too, but the Socialist-Liberal coalition that has ruled Belgium through uneventful prosperity for four years was put out of office. The Social Christians (largely Roman Catholics) captured a majority of the Senate but fell short in the House, and may not be able to put together a majority, though King Baudouin asked Social Christian August De Schryver, 60, to make a sounding. Probable result: Belgium will struggle along until everybody goes home from the Brussels Fair and then vote again.

¶ In Portugal the election was certainly by its nature to be a landslide without any annoying democratic uncertainties. The winning presidential candidate was Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar's nominee, Admiral Américo Tomás. But never before in Salazar's 26 years' rule had an opposition candidate—in the 30-day "freedom" period that Salazar theoretically grants before an election—been able to show how much unrest lies below the surface. Opposition Candidate Humberto Delgado, an air force general who promised to fire Salazar if elected, ran into familiar difficulties: 1) he was not allowed to speak in the city of Braga because he might "interfere" with an annual religious pilgrimage; 2) his Lisbon headquarters had the letter S (for Salazar) smeared on its walls, was repeatedly raided by the police. Strongman Salazar began to sound a bit tired of Delgado's campaign and assured his followers that "the calmness essential to collective life will now have to be restored. We will do so in all circumstances and through the use of all means at the disposal of the authorities."

PACKED & PESTILENTIAL TOWN

By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer

*Made impure,
By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the swamp*

*Moist and damp ...
As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,*

*So it spread—
Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built*

*On the silt—
Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—
Side by side;*

*And, above the packed and pestilential town,
Death looked down.*

THAT was how Calcutta seemed to Rudyard Kipling 70 years ago. Last week, slowly recovering from a cholera epidemic that killed 2,000 people, India's biggest city was as much as ever a pest-hole, and in the words of the U.N. World Health Organization one of the most unhealthy places on earth. Hemmed in by salt marshes, clinging to the anglemore course of the chocolate-colored Hooghly River, the city of Calcutta's 4,000,000 people inhabit an area about half the size of the District of Columbia. Take away the city's parks, lakes and roads, and the human density is on the order of 135,000 persons per square mile. Thousands live in the streets, with entire families staking out bits of curb, usually under the protection of a marquee, where they sit, sleep, urinate, wash their clothing, cook their skimpy meals over fires made from shreds of dung scraped from the tracks of wandering sacred cows.

Calcutta shocks the eye with its misery, its swarming beggars on stumps of legs holding out stumps of arms, its starved mothers feeding infants at shrunk paps. It stings the nose with mingled odors of garbage, curry, roasted onions, rancid mustard oil, human sweat. It assaults the ear with the cry of hawkers, the shriek of cartwheels, the incessant din of horns sounded by bearded Sikh cab drivers who hurtle past in ancient taxis as if pursued by many-handed Kali herself.

The Black Hole. Calcutta is Kali's city, sacred to the ancient Hindu goddess of death and destruction. Britain's Empire Builder Job Charnock founded Calcutta on the banks of the Hooghly 268 years ago, near a Hindu shrine called Kalighat ("the landing-place of Kali") that marked the spot where a finger of Kali fell when the blood-drinking goddess was sliced into

51 pieces by the disk of Vishnu and scattered over all India.

Death and destruction have long been the city's lot. The Nawab of Bengal stormed Calcutta in 1756, stuffed 146 English prisoners into the famed Black Hole, a prison cell that measured 18 ft. by 14 ft.; the next morning only 23 were alive. Malnutrition, cholera, smallpox, plague pay regular calls. The opening act of the great Sepoy mutiny took place in Calcutta; more than 6,000 Moslems and Hindus were slaughtered in its streets in the wild communal rioting of 1946 that preceded the partition of Pakistan and India. In Calcutta a howling well-armed mob can come to life in seconds and, seemingly, on any excuse—a fraction of a cent increase in tram fares, an auto accident, a rumor. The police beat down the mobs with *lathis* and tear gas; the mobs fight back with stones and paving blocks and Calcutta's own secret weapon: electric-light bulbs filled with nitric acid.

The Calcuttans are mostly Bengalis and—when not rioting—a charming, easygoing people who love the roaring life of their city, would rather talk than eat, and do anything rather than work with their hands. Bengalis crowd Calcutta University (40,000 students), but the factory jobs in the industrial belt are mostly held by Biharis; Orissans do much of the physical labor needed in the city; wily Marwaris are merchants and bankers. Though some educated Bengalis occupy high government posts and dominate the professions, little is left for most but minor clerkships and unemployment.

The Favored. On top of this bubbling pit live some 10,000 privileged people—Marwari millionaires, British and U.S. businessmen, Indian government officials. They flourish on the jute, tea, iron ore and textiles of Calcutta, which handles half the seaborne trade of India. For them and for the small middle class there are air-conditioned restaurants, palatial cinemas, nightspots, cricket fields, rowing clubs, handsome residences. They take late evening cocktails by the fountains in the Grand Hotel's Scherazade Garden.

The British stamp is still on Calcutta. Streets bear such names as Wellesley, Cornwallis, Amherst, Curzon. Britons, ignoring the acres on acres of jam-packed *bustees* (native hovels), called it "the city of palaces," referring to university buildings, cathedrals, exclusive clubs, and governmental monstrosities typified by the Victoria Memorial—which took 20 years to build, was opened by the Prince



RUSSIA

Those Capitalistic Habits

When the Russians started handing out *dachi* in the country to favored bureaucrats, artists and scientists, they let themselves in for some bad capitalist habits. Owners of the summer cottages have made a good thing of renting them for a few weeks or a few weekends. Since every Communist schoolboy knows that Marx and Lenin eliminated landlords as well as all other bloodsucking capitalists, this could not go on. Last week the city fathers of Leningrad decreed that anyone caught renting out his *dacha* would have his city quarters confiscated.

Windbags at Work

In the week when the U.S. Senate was struggling passionately with itself over whether to provide aid to Communist satellites (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Nikita Khrushchev unexpectedly flew into Sofia to address the Bulgarian Party Congress on the same subject.

His speech was a 90-minute diatribe against Bulgaria's next-door neighbor, Comrade Tito, whom he called "the Trojan horse of the imperialist camp" in Eastern Europe. He was sorry that he had ever tried to make up with the fellow, and now argued (contrary to his enthusiastic courtship of Tito three years ago) that Stalin's Cominform had done right to expel Yugoslavia in 1948. "Revisionism, or right-wing opportunism," is now the major problem of the Communist camp, said Khrushchev, and he was all against different roads to socialism, or letting a hundred flowers bloom. (Echoed Peking: "The fight against revisionism has just begun. It must be smashed completely"—thereby proving Khrushchev's contention that "vain are the attempts to find different shades" in criticism from China.)

Khrushchev sneered at Tito and other "ideological windbags" who "exist only because of the alms they receive from imperialist countries in the form of left-over goods. . . I cannot refrain from asking the question which deeply concerns all Communists everywhere. Why do the imperialist bosses, while striving to obliterate from the face of the earth the socialist states and squash the Communist movement, at the same time finance one of the socialist countries, granting that country credits and free gifts? . . . Everyone knows that the imperialists never give money to anyone without a purpose, just for the sake of 'beautiful eyes.' They invest their capital in those enterprises from which they hope to receive a good profit. If the imperialists agree to give assistance to a socialist state, they do not take such a step in order to strengthen it."

Nikita Khrushchev—a notably pragmatic man, but now expected as head Communist to be boss of all Communist ideology too—seemed to be a little miffed at Yugoslav charges that he was a mere "practicalist," and that international Communism was not generating any new theoretical concepts. Well, asked Khrushchev, how about his plan to catch up with the

of Wales in 1921, and is now slowly sinking into the oozy subsoil of Calcutta.

But the British Raj is gone now, and Calcutta is more odoriferous than ever. It suffocates under the weight of its people. Every day 300 more are born. Every week unemployed hundreds pour in from the countryside. There are five men for every three women in the city. From 4,000 to 5,000 of the desperately poor live permanently in the busy Sealdah railway station, sleeping in the dirty waiting rooms and on the platforms, lying under benches and around ticket windows. The city's administration is clumsily divided between the Calcutta Corporation (in charge of sanitation, drainage and water) and the state of Bengal, which handles, or mishandles, everything else. To charges of corruption, nepotism, mismanagement and inefficiency, Bengal's aged Chief Minister Dr. B. C. Roy, 75, recently replied airily: "I am so much in the right that I do not bother to convince others that they are in the wrong."

The Communists. Calcutta's ingrained miseries, insoluble within the means available to correct them, and the result of a succession of Congress Party failings, have given the Communists much to build on. Communists now control one-fifth of the seats in the state assembly; party membership in the last two years has doubled to 24,000. When Khrushchev and Bul-

ganin visited Calcutta in 1955, the Red apparatus was able to fill the streets with 2,000,000 screaming enthusiasts.

This week the state assembly is meeting in Calcutta, and high on the agenda is a bill for slum clearance—the first such major legislation ever introduced in Calcutta. Even this first timid gesture to clean out the *bustees* is opposed by the Communists. They argue that the bill favors the *bustee* landlords, who are to be compensated for their slum holdings, and that the money would be better spent on improving areas where there is no running water and where eight toilet seats serve 400 people. Cynically, they add that nothing will come of slum clearance anyway.

Calcuttans are waiting to see. Their city, as always, boils with activity night and day, restless and surcharged. In the evenings, families line the 1,500-ft. Howrah Bridge for a cooling touch of breeze from the distant sea, or stroll the green acres of Maidan Park. Holy men chant by lantern light as the devout perform their religious ablutions in the muddy water of the Hooghly. The bazaars are choked with wandering fiddlers, fortune-tellers, cloth merchants, naked children, sidewalk barbers; every third man has fountain pens for sale. In their thousands, the always-hungry poor lie down on their hard beds on pavement, railroad platforms, under bridges. Some of them will not rise in the morning.

U.S. in meat, milk and butter, his program for abolishing tractor stations, his scheme to build a chemical industry to make better clothes for consumers? Weren't those new ideas?

But after arguing the thesis that good practice meant good theory, Khrushchev made it clear which side of the argument his heart is on. Theory, said he, is sterile if it does not meet "the test of life. Theory, my friends, is grey, but the eternal tree of life is evergreen." As if to show how little he is handicapped by theory, Khrushchev, in the same week in which he argued that only Communism who accepted capitalist favors was inviting in a Trojan horse, also asked Washington for U.S. long-term credits.

CEYLON

A Quarrel of Tongues

In the eastern part of the island of Ceylon, the bodies of three women, three children and a man were recovered from a well into which they had jumped in a panic-stricken search for shelter. In the capital city of Colombo (pop. 424,816), dozens died and hundreds were injured when police and mobs battled through Lipton's Circus, a tree-shaded plaza where seven roads meet. Trains were derailed, buses overturned and burned; terrified passers-by had to submit to a language test at the hands of mobsters and if they failed, were beaten unconscious.

Buddha's Tooth. This sort of carnage has for weeks swept Ceylon, an island lying like a teardrop below the subcontinent of India. Because of its mountain beauty and the diversity, industry and peaceableness of its 8,500,000 inhabitants, Ceylon has been called the Switzerland of the East. What had transformed this sunny paradise into an inferno?

It was language. Even after independence in 1948, the official language of Ceylon remained English. In their homes and at work, the people of Ceylon speak either Sinhalese, the language of some 6,000,000 Buddhists on the island, or Tamil, spoken by about 2,000,000 Hindus, the descendants of migrants to Ceylon from India over the centuries. The present government of wispy Premier Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike, made up of an odd lot of left-wing parties, came to power two years ago, pledged to turn Ceylon neutralist and to make Sinhalese the "national language." When challenged by the Tamil leadership, the Premier conceded that Tamil could be recognized as the language of a "national minority." This roused the fury of the powerful Buddhist monks, who left off praying to the Sacred Tooth of Buddha to demand that the Sinhalese language be reinstated as the sole national tongue.

Daylight Hooligans. While the Sinhalese Premier hesitated, the rioters took over. In the Tamil stronghold of northern Ceylon, crowds attacked government-owned buses that were marked with Sinhalese letters. In response, Sinhalese mobs erupted in the streets of Colombo, obliterating all Tamil lettering on store fronts



Hector Sumathipala
PREMIER BANDARANAIKE
Inferno in a paradise.

and signboards. Premier Bandaranaike abjectly reversed himself again and came out once more for Sinhalese as the national language. Disorders swept the country; railway tracks were torn up, telephone and telegraph wires cut. Cities and towns became the scene of communal war. In Colombo 10,000 terrified Tamils were herded into protective camps. In the Tamil country, beleaguered Sinhalese were similarly gathered together and protected by the police and army.

Distressed by the rioting he had caused, Premier Bandaranaike appealed to Governor General Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, a tough-minded financier, who took firm command of the situation. Martial law and a rigorous curfew confined the hooliganism to daylight hours. Ships in Colombo Harbor, hastily chartered, were loaded last week with nearly 10,000 Tamil refugees who were then shipped off to the Tamil port of Jaffna, where they can live without daily fear of death. From Jaffna, aboard a Japanese freighter, came some 2,000 Sinhalese whose homes had been destroyed by Tamil mobs, to be resettled in and around Colombo.

The communal war was complicated by a series of crippling strikes of produce



Time Map by V. Poglits

workers and government employees, and many on the island believe that the strikes, as well as the fighting, were inspired by conspirators who had other interests than linguistic and religious differences. Even Premier Bandaranaike found the courage to say that the campaign of terror "discloses a certain organization and pattern which certainly leads to the conclusion that it was not merely a spontaneous outburst by bona fide people." But he still did not name the people he meant: the Communists.

WESTERN NEW GUINEA

A Sacred Trust

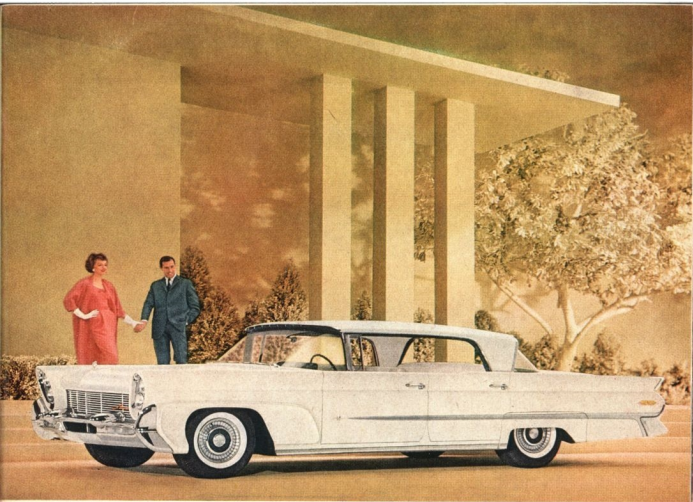
As many a World War II G.I. can testify, Western New Guinea is an unappetizing piece of real estate—a land of tropical swamps, unexplored mountains and predominantly Stone Age inhabitants. Yet for more than seven years, possession of this forbidding backwater has been the subject of a bitter quarrel between The Netherlands and Indonesia.

In defense of its refusal to turn the area over to the Indonesians—who call it West Irian and claim it on the grounds that it was part of the old Netherlands East Indies—the Netherlands government has consistently argued that 1) Western New Guinea has no ethnic connection with Indonesia, 2) Indonesia has not yet proved able to govern what it has, and 3) the Dutch have a "sacred trust" to prepare the bushy-haired Papuans for self-government. By last week many a thoughtful Dutchman was disturbed by the publication of a report of a nine-man Dutch parliamentary commission that visited New Guinea last year.

Censors & Cannibals. The 100-page report noted that considerable physical progress had been made in Netherlands New Guinea, particularly in the field of public health. But it also painted an unattractive picture of arbitrary, old-fashioned colonial rule: "In the prison at Doorn . . . Indonesian infiltrators were housed six or eight to a small cell." In all Netherlands New Guinea, added the report, no private newspapers are published, and such news as is distributed by the government is carefully censored.

Besides being arbitrary, Dutch administration in New Guinea struck the parliamentary team as often ineffective. Fewer than half the 700,000 native inhabitants of Netherlands New Guinea live in areas "under administrative control." Even in one of the allegedly pacified zones—the Wissel Lakes region—the commission revealed that an uprising against the government and subsequent tribal warfare cost the lives of 200 Papuans and ten government troops in late 1956. At Agats sits a government post with 30 men, but its control hardly extends beyond the village limits and only 30 miles away a group of Papuans killed 50 enemies and ate them up. On Frederik Hendrik Island, 33% of all babies die.

Unanswered Call. According to the parliamentary visitors, the Papuans are not being prepared to take their place in



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the 20th century world. So far, said the report, the Netherlands government has had "no success" in setting up an educational system adapted to Papuan needs. "Where education is available at the village schools, the highest level attained is scarcely that of the third grade in Dutch elementary schools . . . About 5,000 children attend these village schools, and 5% of them are given the opportunity of enjoying further education . . . There is not yet a single Papuan with a high school diploma."

"The sense of the report," summed up Amsterdam's Roman Catholic daily *De Tijd*, "comes down to this . . . The great design which was proclaimed like a trumpet call throughout The Netherlands—to make the Papuans ripe for independent activity in all fields—remains a slogan."

SPAIN

Mechanized Corrida

Over the centuries, a system has been developed in Spain for getting bulls who will not fight out of the bull ring. Usually, a few steers driven into the arena will herd the reluctant bull to the exit. Sometimes, men were sent in with long clubs to break the bull's legs so that he could be hauled out by mules. Or the *peones*, or the matador himself, would lure the bull up to the inner fence where an accomplice could jab a dagger into the base of his skull. In Madrid, as a last resort, a pack of hunting dogs is used to weary the animal.

In Toledo last week bullfight officials were faced with that old problem and brought forth a new solution. The fourth bull of the *corrida* had charged out of the *toril*, thundered after the first cape it saw, and then plunged headlong into the protective wall with a shock that quivered spectators from *sombra* to *sol*. After that, the bull just did not seem interested in anything. Matador Julio Aparicio, although the bull was his responsibility, made no move to dispatch him. When all else failed, the president of the ring sent a quick message to the chief ring attendant. The gate leading to the *patio de caballos* swung open, and into the ring, its ancient radiator spewing steam, rumbled the city of Toledo's water truck.

The bull's interest quickened. He charged; there was a crunch of metal as his lowered horn ripped through the truck's fender. The driver fled. The delighted crowd chanted for Matador Aparicio to take the driver's place, but he politely declined. Then an enthusiast leaped down from the public seats, raced to the truck cab to renew the battle. The crowd roared as it recognized Toledo's Mayor José Conde Alonso. Secure in the driver's seat, the mayor circled the arena with the truck, looking for a chance to ram his enemy. The bull made faster turns and hit harder: he gored both fenders, ripped off the license plate and headlights, damaged the wheels and the water tank itself. Once, he nearly tipped the truck over, and the mayor escaped only by turning the water on full blast. But in

a final charge, the bull misjudged the speed of the truck and, after the collision, lay helpless on the sand with a broken leg.

Now, Matador Aparicio boldly approached. As one *peón* held the bull's tail and two others blinded the animal with their capes, he killed the bull with a thrust at the base of the skull. Commented a newsmen the next day: "Nobody in the ring showed such nobility, such cleanliness in battle, as that bull."

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

A Winter's Tale

"When it rains in winter a king dies," goes an old African saying. Last week, in the dead of Southern Rhodesia's cool, dry winter, the skies opened suddenly, and hail and rain swept across the rolling hills



Curtis Prendergast

SIR EDGAR WHITEHEAD
The loser helped the winner.

of light brown grass. That day citizens of Southern Rhodesia, going to the polls from the Limpopo to the Zambezi, voted Garfield Todd, their Prime Minister for five years until last February, into political oblivion. His United Rhodesia Party, upholding the zeal for racial "partnership" that earned him the name of "Kaffir lover" and cost him his office, failed to win a single seat.

The winner was Sir Edgar Whitehead, the sober, pipe-puffing fiscal expert and onetime Central African Federation minister to Washington, who had succeeded Todd both as Prime Minister and as head of the Southern Rhodesian division of the United Federal Party. Though considered less impulsive on racial partnership than Todd, Sir Edgar, for all his moderation, barely won. Coming up fast on the right of Southern Rhodesia politics is the white supremacy Dominion Party, which until February had only four seats out of 30 in Parliament. Last week the Dominion Party actually led the popular vote.

It was Todd party second-preference votes, switched according to new Rhodesian electoral rules after the first count to one of the two leading contenders, that finally gave Sir Edgar's United Federal candidates their edge in four crucial constituencies. Result: United Federal, 17 seats; Dominion Party, 13 seats.

Todd, onetime Churches of Christ (Disciples) missionary, had angered many of the country's 175,800 whites by widening the franchise and job opportunities for the 2,380,000 blacks. Said Todd after the election, "I always estimated the illiberal outlook in this country as one-third of the population. Now it seems to be 50%. That's a sinister thing." Victorious Sir Edgar Whitehead indicated that his forces had studied the election returns. He announced that the reforms opening the voting rolls to some 10,000 Africans would stay, but certain unskilled jobs would continue to be reserved for poor whites as he had pledged during the campaign. "Restrictions have existed here since the beginning," said Sir Edgar. "You can't disregard race in this country."

WEST GERMANY

Cutting Costs

As West Germany's President Theodor Heuss went about Washington on a genial state visit, the West German government last week informed the U.S. that it is no longer prepared to pay any costs of supporting U.S. troops in Germany. Bonn's note, described as "blunt," was not made public. Reportedly, the Germans explained that their recent \$100 million troop-cost settlement with Britain (*TIME*, April 28) was simply an act of mutual aid to a NATO ally in economic difficulties and hence could not be regarded as a precedent for further payments to the U.S. The theory of support costs has been that, without much defense industry or any substantial armed force, wealthy West Germany is not carrying its own weight of the NATO burden.

The West Germans still owe \$77 million on last year's bill, which the U.S. agreed not to dun them for before the German elections. The elections have come and gone, but the money is yet to be seen. As Britain and France have cut their NATO manpower, and West Germany has at last begun to contribute its own troops to the alliance, Bonn has stiffened its attitude on support costs, which many Germans choose to call "occupation costs." Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, an open foe of support payments, has even implied that if his government does agree to any payments, he will cancel large chunks of his ministry's several hundred million-dollar U.S.-arms contracts. Though his domestic arms buildup is going so slowly that he seems unlikely to spend the \$2.5 billion allotted him this year, Strauss announced last week that he was cutting back from 700 to 400 the number of M-48 tanks ordered in the U.S. because of the increased burden on his budget of the troop-support settlement with Britain.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Time to Rebuild

Once burned and now doubly shy, the U.S. State Department last week postponed the six-country[®] Central American fact-finding trip of Johns Hopkins University President Milton Eisenhower scheduled to start June 15. The State Department explained that "it has not been possible to schedule mutually convenient dates," but Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty admitted to newsmen that Ike himself had taken a personal hand in delaying his brother's trip. Did the spit-and-stone attacks on Vice President Nixon in Lima and Caracas have anything to do with it? asked the reporters. "I have no knowledge on that," hedged Hagerty.

Signs of Hope. There was no doubt that the Nixon attacks had a great deal to do with it. Only a fortnight ago, Panamanian President Ernesto de la Guardia managed to halt antigovernment student riots that had been going on for ten days. And only six weeks ago, demonstrating students invaded the U.S. Canal Zone and hoisted Panamanian flags to dramatize sovereignty claims. In Guatemala Communists, once held firmly in check by the late President Carlos Castillo Armas, are again able to cause trouble.

Despite the postponement, there were heartening signs last week that U.S.-Latin American relations are making a healthy readjustment from the sense of outrage and shock that sprang from the violent attacks on the U.S. Vice President. Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Muñoz Marín put the Nixon incidents in perspective by urging the U.S. to "take a new look at its

[®] Guatemala, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, Panama.



PUERTO RICO'S MUÑOZ MARÍN
With prejudice for none.



Walter Bennett

U.S.'S MILTON EISENHOWER

With a hand from the President.

Latin American policy without being prejudiced by the barbaric action taken by small, violent minorities during the Vice President's trip. We should all be especially careful that prejudice is not developed against the people of Venezuela because a minority produced the worst offense."

Something Done. Last week Brazil's President Juscelino Kubitschek echoed Muñoz's thesis in a letter to Ike. The language was that of diplomacy, but the meaning was plain: "The widespread reaction of aversion on the part of the governments and of public opinion in the very nations in which occurred these reprovable acts against the serene and courageous person of the Vice President constitutes a proof that such demonstrations proceeded from a factious minority. Nonetheless, it would be hardly feasible to conceal the fact that, before world public opinion, the ideal of Pan American unity has suffered serious impairment. . . . In addressing these words to Your Excellency, my sole purpose is to acquaint you with my deep-seated conviction that something must be done to restore composure to the continental unity. I have no definite and detailed plans to that effect, but rather ideas and thoughts which I could confide to Your Excellency should an early opportunity to do so arise."

Ike was delighted with the Brazilian leader's frankness—so much so that he short-circuited the usual channels in answering such a letter, sat down and wrote out his own reply. Probable result: a gathering of the hemisphere's Foreign Ministers to hash out mutual headaches—plus an enthusiastic O.K. for a Dulles trip to Rio late this summer. Even as Ike wrote, the U.S. was preparing to end its isolation from one of Latin America's biggest problems—coffee booms and busts (see

below). And at week's end Roy Rubottom, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, was appointed Ike's special envoy to carry his enthusiastic response from Washington to Rio.

Coffee Switch

The U.S. has sharply reversed its policy on Latin America's most important export: coffee. Traditionally, the U.S. has maintained that coffee marketing should operate solely on the basis of supply and demand; in times of high prices, the coffee-growing nations cashed in happily, but in the all-too-frequent years of sagging prices and unwieldy surpluses they had to bear the losses and hope for better days. Even before Vice President Nixon's tour of Latin America, the U.S. was considering shifting its position. Last week, as part of the post-Nixon new look in U.S.-Latin American relations (TIME, June 2 *et seq.*), the U.S. agreed to join an international study group to seek a means of ending destructive coffee price fluctuations; State Department officials were making informal, embassy-by-embassy visits in Washington to discuss coffee problems.

At bottom, the problems rest on two statistics. World consumption of coffee is increasing an average 500,000 bags a year; production, ballooned by a worldwide planting spree during the Korean war, is increasing at the annual rate of 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 bags. Hardest hit is the world's No. 1 producer, Brazil, which last year earned 61% of its foreign exchange by exporting 14.3 million bags[®] worth \$935 million. This year, with much of the world's coffee selling for less than Brazil's rigidly fixed prices, the most optimistic export prediction is 13 million bags, worth

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\$800 million. The Brazilian government has already paid for 15.4 million bags of surplus coffee it now holds, and the new 22 million-bag crop now pouring in could boost the surplus another 9,000,000. Next year's estimated crop: 24 million bags.

With Brazil priced out of the market, the No. 2 coffee country, Colombia, is not so badly off. It has only a little more than 3,000,000 bags in storage, and most of this is the result of an agreement reached last year between Latin America's seven biggest producers to hold some coffee off the market in an effort to prop prices. Just the same, Colombia's exporters are grumbling that holding back only encourages rival African producers to enlarge their share, now about 20%, of the world market. Pegged prices, they insist, allow African producers to undersell them.

Both Brazil and Colombia want the U.S. either to set minimum prices for coffee and establish import quotas for each coffee-growing nation or begin stockpiling. The U.S. is not yet ready to go that far. It is willing to grant stopgap aid, e.g., a \$103 million loan to Colombia a fortnight ago. And it is willing to work jointly on plans for more orderly marketing. "The U.S. finally has admitted that the problem is mutual," said one Latin American ambassador in Washington last week. "That's quite a change."

CUBA

Stuck in the Mud

For five days last week the Cuban government kept officially mum while high-ranking members of the regime leaked to the press that 11,000 army troops, with artillery, mortars and bombing planes, were in an all-out drive to flush Fidel Castro from his mountain fastness in the Sierra Maestra. "This is the real thing," they said.

The clandestine rebel radio seemed to confirm that some hard fighting was in progress, because it appealed: "Come to the Sierra Maestra, Cuban doctors. We need surgeons urgently. The enemy offensive has begun violently along a 200-kilometer front."

On the sixth day of the "offensive," President Fulgencio Batista's government finally issued a statement denying that its army was engaged in "full-scale combat" in Oriente—"only small skirmishes," it said. Other reports indicated that heavy rains and a sea of mud had bogged down the troops and grounded the air force.

Outnumbered and outgunned, the rebels maneuvered their small bands swiftly over the trackless mountain terrain and carried out several surprise assaults on isolated Cuban army patrols, reports said.

Talk of a "big drive" involving 11,000 army troops is undoubtedly exaggerated, but there is evidence that Batista is beefing up his operations against the rebels. The army is now establishing fortified posts deep in the Sierra Maestra. Men and arms for these posts are supplied by a new weapon in Batista's arsenal—British-made, armored helicopters, each reported carrying 14 men with full equipment.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

For Michigan's first lady, it seems, nothing is too good—or too big. In the limelight at a 43rd birthday party for Governor **Gerhard Mennen** ("Soapy") **Williams'** wife Nancy was a great big cake thoughtfully donated by a Lansing restaurateur, who happens to have the cafeteria concession in the new State Office Building. Modeled after the State Capitol, the 48-layer, 41-ft.-tall goody measured 22 ft. in perimeter, weighed 650 lbs., required 500 eggs, 90 lbs. of butter, 120 lbs. of sugar, was hauled to Detroit by truck in six sections. Sharing the butter-cream mess with some 4,000 guests, the Governor paid his pretty wife the obvious, ultimate compliment: "I think she deserves every bit of it."

Missileman **Wernher von Braun**, 46, who next year undergoes the accolade normally bestowed on wealthy songwriters, dead Presidents and western gun toters—a movie based on his life—had a cheery hello in St. Louis (see EDUCATION) for an old acquaintance: Richard Fein, a sergeant in the U.S. Army squad to which the rocket expert surrendered in Germany in 1945. "You look different," said Fein. Patting his middle, Banquet Circuit Victim von Braun gamely cracked: "I'm losing the battle of the bulge."

Old Political Wheeler-and-Dealer **Harry Truman**, arriving in France for a short vacation, for once in his life refused to discuss politics with waiting newsmen, modestly placed himself in the scheme of things: "I'm just a simple retired farmer from Missouri."

Reliving the good old days on Line 23, Russian-born Impresario **Sol Hurok**, 70, returned to the scene of his first U.S. job



Jules Schick

SOL HUROK ON THE TROLLEY
Some who should have stayed on got off.



U.P.I.

BRITAIN'S ROYALTY AT THE DERBY
Everyone who should have been theah was theah.

(as a conductor on Philadelphia trolleys in 1906), picked up a whereas-laden scroll from the city council, honoring him for his contributions to Philadelphia culture, put on a visored cap and an owl mood to collect a symbolic token or two. Hurok sheepishly admitted that he was fired from the job "because the dispatcher soon found out that I was letting passengers off at the wrong corners."

Ex-Prime Minister **Clement Richard Attlee**, since 1956 a member of the House of Lords (as the first Earl Attlee), described his move from the skirmishing of active politics: "It's like sipping champagne that has been on the table for five or six days," ungallantly proposed a mode of address for the first soon-to-be-appointed female members of Lords: "I should think they would be called Baron Ladies, and with considerable justice, I am sure."

On the advice of an old customer, sporty Playboy **Porfirio Rubirosa**, Manhattan's flossy Dunhill Tailored Clothes, Inc. phoned Rubi's high-salaried (\$600,000 a year) nightclubbing buddy, **Lieut. General Rafael Trujillo Jr.**, who agreed that his wardrobe needed a little touching up, ordered himself: 14 single-breasted herringbone and plaid suits (\$285 each); four Saxony wool sports coats (\$196 each); 10 sports shirts (\$20 to \$30 apiece); 24 dress shirts (\$33 each); 50 neckties (\$7.50 each); four pairs of English worsted flannel slacks (\$88 each).

Registering a variety of unregal emotions, members of Britain's royal family—the **Duke of Gloucester**, **Prince Philip**, **Princess Margaret**, **Queen Elizabeth II**, the **Queen Mother** and the **Princess Royal**—lined the rails at Epsom Downs like the noble nag lovers in *My Fair Lady's* Act 1 *Ascot Gavotte*, watched Sir

Victor Sassoon's 18-10-1 shot, **Hard Ride**, win the 179th running of the Derby Stakes while the Queen's horse, **Miner's Lamp**, trailed in fifth.

"For the relief of Olivia Mary Galante," read the bill stuffed in the congressional hopper by Pennsylvania's Democratic Representative **Francis E. Walter**. The proposal: let Tokyo-born Cinemactress **Olivia de Havilland**, wife of Paris Journalist Pierre Galante, keep her U.S. citizenship without spending at least 18 months of every five years in the U.S., as must all naturalized Americans. No movie buff, Congressman Walter, co-author of the McCarran-Walter Act, who has kept a flinty eye on the foreign-born, seemed sure of Olivia's loyalty: "She is a lovely person, a very good American. She made it abundantly clear to me that her American citizenship is very dear to her."

To the rapturous cheers of 1,500 well-wishers from 62 countries, ever-beaming Ideologist **Frank Buchman**, founder of the Moral Re-Armament movement, celebrated his 80th birthday by presiding over the gathering of his clan at M.R.A.'s Mackinac Island (Mich.) summer training center. Between speeches of praise from devotees, Buchman pored over laudatory messages from (among others) West Germany's **Konrad Adenauer**, President **Carlos Garcia** of the Philippines, and 20 U.S. Senators.

Bravely attempting to do in Hawaii as the California tourists do, Iran's vacationing **Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi** got into blue-and-white trunks, dabbed himself with suntan oil and hired Waikiki Beachboy Percy Kinimaka to give him some dual time on a surfboard. After 30 minutes of instruction and two dunkings, the Shah triumphantly soloed 100 ft. through the briny to earn a small tribute

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At the Bing Crosby Tournament, Pebble Beach, U. S. Staffers, left to right, (standing) Bob Hill, Joe Conrad, Al Bessellink, Ken Venturi, (kneeling) Gene Bone, Peter Mazur, Bill Parker, Everett Vinzant, Fred Hawkins, Eddie Merrins—all played U. S. Royal Specials.

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from teacher: “A natural surfer.” Back at his pine-shaded palace in Teheran, the Shah had earlier discussed his divorce from *Princess Soraya*, a water-ski student on her recent Bermuda trip, with a *TIME* correspondent: “It’s the sort of tragedy that always waits around the corner for a man who puts his public life first. We were so close. I tried to appoint a crown prince, but everybody wanted somebody in the direct line. We had several meetings with our elder statesmen. They appealed to my sense of duty and patriotism. This is always my weak point. Who knows? Maybe deep inside of me I also wanted a son and heir. Maybe some egoistic motive influenced my decision. I can’t deny it. I don’t know.”

Great Britain’s high-spirited, accident-prone **Duke of Kent**, 22, whose driving record includes four flashy cars, four spectacular crackups, from his turquoise Aston Martin sports coupé, damaged in a spin on an icy road last December, for a new red 3.4-litre Jaguar sedan.

From Philosopher **Will Durant**, 72, to the graduating class of the Webb School of California came some advice on the feverish side of life. Marry, said Will (who plunged at 27), “as soon as you can keep the wolf from the door. You will be too young to choose wisely, but you won’t be any wiser at 40. By submitting to marriage, we can take our minds off sex and become adult.”

Earning a quick civic buck for himself in Manhattan was spruce, British-born Actor **Maurice Evans**, who seemed happy to accept his \$3-a-day stipend as juror in New York Supreme Court. Jovial Thespian Evans, whose last acting job was playing the suave, alibi-minded plotter on an NBC-TV dramatization of *Dial M for Murder* six weeks ago, said: “I have worked for nothing a day for so long that this is a pleasure. I just hope it doesn’t prejudice my claim for unemployment insurance.”

Putting the kibosh on her irate, plow-dealing husband Andy, Minnesota’s handsome, hard-working Democrat-Farmer-Labor Congresswoman **Coya Knutson**, 45, stoutly defended her handsome, hard-working assistant, Bill Kjeldahl, 30, in a folksy newsletter to the voters at home, hinted darkly that her political foes had been at foul play in backing husband Andy’s plea that she veto her Bill (*TIME*, May 19), made it formally, firmly clear: “No foes and no member of my family will run my office.”

Usually more sued against than suing, Paris’ Communist newspaper *L’Humanité* vented some bourgeois spleen on tootled New Orleans Soprano Saxist **Sidney Bechet** in a fat 3,500,000-franc breach-of-contract suit, argued that the “Pope of Jazz,” who backed out of a *L’Humanité*-sponsored festival last summer claiming his health was poor, was actually making a “political retreat.”

MUSIC

Exit Crying

The owl-eyed little man in the blue suit and glossy silk tie stood at the rostrum in Philadelphia's Municipal Auditorium and squinted misty-eyed down at the placards waving back and forth. They all trumpeted the same theme: "Jimmy, Don't Leave Us"; "Jimmy, We Need You!" For two minutes James Caesar Petrillo, 66, blew his nose into the first of two handkerchiefs, mopped his eyes with the other. Finally, the words came in a convulsive croak: "Little Caesar is bowing out. Goodbye, Little Caesar!"

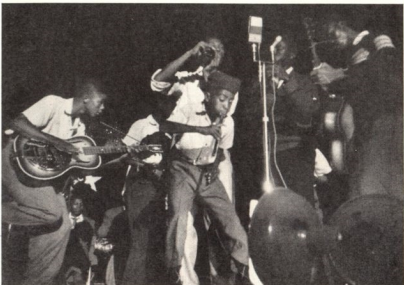
To take Petrillo's place as president of the American Federation of Musicians, the assembled delegates elected Little Caesar's own nominee, Herman David Kenin, 56, the union's West Coast representative. A onetime fiddler and bandleader, New Jersey-born Kenin practiced law in Portland, Ore. and dabbled in union politics for 22 years, gave up his law practice in 1943, when he became a member of the A.F.M.'s executive board. His grey-flannel-suited unionism is as remote from Jimmy's overpadded whoop-and-boller style as the violin section from the brasses. The Petrillo breed, lamented Jimmy last week, is extinct: "I used to be able to say to the bosses, 'Go to hell,' and they went to hell. Now you tell them 'Go to hell,' and they tell you back. 'You go to hell.' What the unions need these days is smooth guys." Responded Smooth Guy Kenin: "I cannot hope to fill the shoes of our beloved Jimmy—the greatest labor leader of our times."

The Pennywhistlers

Lemmie ("Special") Mabaso is a twelve-year-old Johannesburg schoolboy who rarely goes to school any more. Instead, he hangs around on street corners tooting a pennywhistle. Lemmie leads his own celebrated band, the "Alexandra Junior Bright Boys," which started out playing for coppers, by now has made three hit records and gets featured billing at Johannesburg City Hall concerts. Reason: the haunting sound of pennywhistle jazz has become the favorite music of South Africa's slum-caged blacks—and of a great many white hipsters.

In the dusty streets, urchins rock to the pennywhistle's fast *kwele* beat; in shabby speakeasies, women shuffle to its slower *marabi* rhythm. Among natives who earn only \$20 a month, pennywhistle records (75¢ apiece) are selling at the rate of 1,000 a day. By this spring, the rage had crossed to Britain, where a song called *Tom Hark* became the top jukebox hit so fast that record companies have ordered a half dozen new pennywhistle tunes. Princess Margaret herself has cut some *kwele* steps. Pennywhistle records will soon live U.S. jukeboxes; American jazzmen (including Clarinetist Tony Scott, Saxophonist Bud Shank, Pianist Claude Williamson) went to Johannesburg to learn and record the new sound.

Originally just a child's noisemaker, the pennywhistle is a 14-in. bit of metal tubing, drilled with six holes and flattened at one end for a mouthpiece. Though its natural range is one shrill octave, the seasoned player can squeeze out almost another octave. Like the New Orleans Negroes who once fused Dixieland from a great many different sources (including spirituals, marches, French and Spanish dance melodies), the pennywhistlers began by imitating bagpipers and American jazz, with the occasional addition of native rhythms. To foreign ears the simple 4/4 tempo of pennywhistle jazz may seem



PENNYWHISTLER MABASO & BAND IN JOHANNESBURG
An octave heard round the world.

Barry van Belew

repetitious and childlike. To Africans living in crowded city locations, pennywhistle jazz evokes nostalgic country memories: the swaying of women at tribal weddings, the sound of ancient work songs, the wail of funeral dirges.

Pennywhistle lyrics have also become the urban African's version of the bush telegraph, warning against fickle women, street fights and raids by the "head-bashers" (white cops). Some titles convey political messages. One called *Asi Khelela* ("We don't ride" in Zulu) was banned by South African officials after they learned that natives took it as an incitement to boycott Jim Crow buses.

Despite their success, most pennywhistlers still find the going rough. Whistle Virtuoso Fred Maphisa thinks up his tunes while driving a cab; Spokes ("King of the Pennywhistlers") Mashiyanu used to make his living as a domestic servant. But young "Special" Mabaso, who has just turned out a new hit called *Serape Sa Ngwenyana* (Girls' Thighs), is optimistic. Says he: "We are professionals now. From now on we are not going to play so much in the streets."

Not So Bad for England

"If you can't sing at Covent Garden," rumbled a British opera star, "you damn well can't sing anywhere." The stage floor of London's Royal Opera House sags and some of its scenery dates back to 1908, but the theater's acoustics are still near perfect. This week, slightly faded but resonant, Covent Garden celebrates its 100th birthday in a gala performance for the Queen. The generous birthday package includes extracts from *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Trojans*, *Peter Grimes*, *Aida*, *I Puritani* (Maria Callas singing), plus the Royal Ballet's *Birthday Offering*.

For Britons, Covent Garden shimmers with memories of empire and artistry in

opera's most florid era, when Victoria's passion for singers helped make London the goal of every topflight musician. Its history goes back even farther, to two Covent Gardens before it. In 1732 Actor John Rich, who had rented the site, a convent* garden, built a prose theater (its star playwrights: Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Sheridan). After a devastating fire, the theater was rebuilt in 1809, later named the Royal Italian Opera House. It featured not only opera but all-night masked balls whose patrons, wrote a shocked reporter, "were truly the disciples of the lewd fiend Belial." One gay dawn in 1856, the place burned down again, scattering and sobering the disciples.

Battle of Monocles. In the third Covent Garden, designed 100 years ago by Architect Edward Barry, the fires have been artistic or temperamental, set by such prima donnas as Giulia Grisi, Nellie Melba, Emma Albani. In the '90s, Adelina Patti, who imperiously ignored rehearsals, once filled the stage with

* Britons have fondly stuck to the early English spelling of the word: "convent."



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*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

detectives disguised as supers to guard her diamonds. Famed Manager Augustus Harris made Covent Garden London's choicest nightspot for rich and royal patrons who came to monocolize each other—and protested violently when he doused the house lights during performances.

Audiences as well as performers were finally called to order by the batons of great conductors—Sir Thomas Beecham, Bruno Walter, Fritz Reiner. Sir Thomas, who began conducting at Covent Garden in 1910, often whirled on the audience to snap: "Shut up!" Once, in a glow of satisfaction, he turned and said: "Not so bad for England, eh?"

Go to La Scala. Having survived its roles as a furniture warehouse in World War I and a dance hall in World War II, Covent Garden is blooming as radiantly as the famed flower market at its doorstep. The home of the Royal Ballet (formerly Sadler's Wells), it gives Londoners an almost year-round season of first-rate ballet and fine opera, although, in the opera department, Covent Garden is not in the same league as the Big Three (the Metropolitan, La Scala and the Vienna Staatsoper). But it has the daring to experiment with difficult new productions, e.g., its mounting last year of Berlioz' mammoth *The Trojans*, which no other opera house had attempted in a single evening since Berlioz' death. Glowed the London *Observer* over a birthday-season offering of Verdi's *Don Carlos*: "Go to La Scala by all means, but do not expect anything better than this."

Legendary Virtuoso

The world's most fabled and, internationally, the least widely heard pianist is 44-year-old Russian Sviatoslav Richter. Most Westerners who have managed to attend one of his concerts are convinced that he is one of the greatest pianists now playing. But unlike such famed Russian contemporaries as Pianist Emil Gilels and Violinist David Oistrakh, Richter is not a Communist Party member and has never been allowed to travel to the West. Last week the West traveled to Richter. In Leningrad the touring Philadelphia Orchestra (*TIME*, June 9) joined him in a performance of Prokofiev's prickly, sardonic *Fifth Piano Concerto*.

The orchestra had never played the work, and Richter had only one hour's rehearsal with the Philadelphia musicians before going on. But orchestra and soloist sailed through the piece with astonishing rapport, immediately sensed by the audience. "All the time," said Conductor Eugene Ormandy, "electricity was flowing back and forth." Richter gave Prokofiev's tongue-in-cheek score a kaleidoscopic range, resisted the temptation to lushness in the concerto's lyrical passages or to perversive effects in its driving climax. "He tossed it off," said the Philadelphia's awed Concertmaster Jacob Krachmalnick, "like walking through a garden."

Unexpected Tensions. Pianist Richter's technical mastery is so complete that he makes audiences forget about technique. With his enormous hands, he can play



PIANIST RICHTER
Electricity wrapped in velvet.

Eastfoto

tenths and simultaneously thirds between thumb and forefinger. His bravura passages are majestic with no hint of pounding, his pianissimos a wonder of velvety control. His flexible rhythm gives even the most familiar music unexpected tensions. As he plays, his faunlike face registers emotion like a mass of exposed nerve ends, winces in a spasm of pain when he hits one of his rare wrong notes.

Richter is most at home with Liszt and Schubert, also plays Debussy and Ravel occasionally ("They're too beautiful to play very often"). Unlike most Soviet artists, he has a wide command of contemporary Western music, e.g., Bartók, Hindemith. All told, he has a repertory of between 25 and 30 complete recital programs, plus a slew of concertos.

Only Clue. Starting as assistant conductor of the Odessa Opera at 16, Child Prodigy Richter decided at 21 to make a career as a pianist. He enrolled at the Moscow Conservatory, made a name for himself in Soviet music when in 1939 he played the premiere performance of Sergei Prokofiev's *Sixth Sonata*. These days he gives as many as 120 concerts a season in Russia and the satellites. He lives with his wife, Lyric Soprano Nina Dorlyak, in a Moscow apartment whose telephone number he is too absent-minded to remember. When he is in the mood, he may sit for 14 hours a day at the piano, but he is also likely to go for months without practicing. He dislikes recording, and as a result the scattered Richter disks available in the U.S. do him scant justice (with the notable exception of some fine Schumann playing he has done for the Decca and Monitor labels). Nevertheless, for most Westerners, recordings will probably remain the only clue to Richter's art. Although Conductor Ormandy would like to bring him to the U.S., there is no sign yet that Russia is ready to send its finest pianist into the world.



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one small pig.



Lord Brabazon the chairman of the board?

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MEDICINE

Survival of the Unfit?

Medicine is growing ever more efficient in curing the ills of the human race. But is it simultaneously weakening the race by ensuring the survival of the unfit? The question, largely academic in Nietzsche's day, is being raised anew by a man who has done as much as anyone to help human survival: René Jules Dubos, pioneer in microbiology, whose discoveries opened the era of antibiotics.

"For the first time in the history of living things," said Dubos in Omaha, "we are allowing the survival of large numbers of biological misfits, many of whom will become a burden for society... All kinds of hereditary defects that used to be rapidly eliminated by evolutionary selection are now being reproduced in our communities. In other words, we are allowing the accumulation of defective genes in the human stock by providing a type of medical care that permits those suffering from hereditary disease to live longer and to have children. This policy may constitute a step toward racial suicide, however noble it may appear in the light of our religious convictions and present-day ethics."

Retorted President Holland T. Jackson of the American Academy of General Practice: "Who are we as doctors to say who shall survive and who shall be left by the wayside? We should not try to play God, ever."

Boost for TB Vaccine

Doctors disagree sharply on the value of vaccination against tuberculosis with BCG, the *Bacillus of Calmette and Guérin* (TIME, Sept. 23). Nearest approach to a consensus is that BCG is not to be recommended for people enjoying high standards of sanitation and health, but may be good for those with low resistance, living in overcrowded conditions, and those exposed to TB victims. Now the results of a long-term experiment show how effective the vaccine can be. In the *Archives of Internal Medicine*, three University of Pennsylvania researchers report striking benefits among American Indians who got BCG as children. Of 3,000 youngsters in the study, half were vaccinated in the 1930s, while the others (from the same families and tribes, identical in all other ways) were left unvaccinated for comparison. Checked 20 years later, the unvaccinated were found to have had more than five times as many deaths from TB as the vaccinated—68 as against 13.

Coxsackie & ECHO

The Salk vaccine against paralytic polio may be even more effective than the statistics have shown. Since wide-scale vaccination began in 1955, there have been hundreds of reported cases of paralysis among people who had had one or two shots (only a handful among those who had had three). But in last week's A.M.A. Journal, a University of Pittsburgh team headed by Dr. William McD. Hammon



Elizabeth Wilcox

RESEARCHER DUBOS

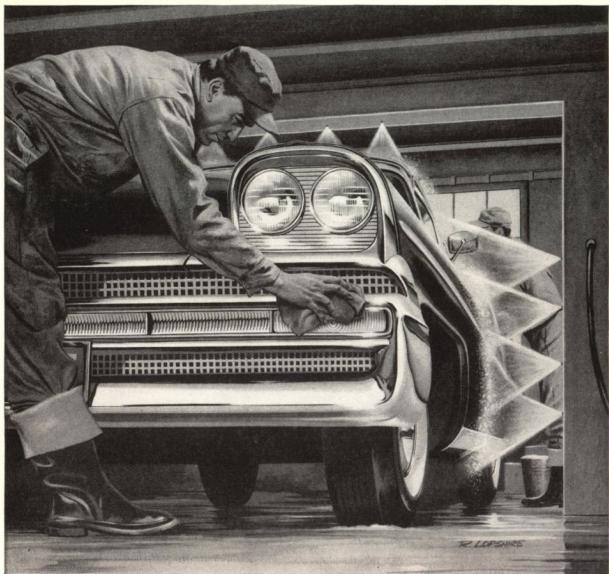
Will the weak inherit the earth?

(TIME, Nov. 3, 1952) reported evidence that casts doubt on these figures.

Difficulty is that the poliomyelitis virus belongs to a family of at least three enteroviruses (so called because they can multiply in the gut) that sometimes cause no detectable illness, but at other times attack the nervous system. Doctors used to think that the only one of the three capable of causing paralysis was the virus of polio itself. This may not be so, say Hammon and colleagues. After studying six patients who were immunized against polio with gamma globulin in prevaccine days and then developed a paralytic disease that was mistaken for polio, they now suggest that the guilty viruses were of the Coxsackie group (named for the Hudson Valley town where the first one was isolated) or the ECHO group (named for enteric cytopathogenic human orphan). Concludes the A.M.A.: Viruses probably also have been responsible for some post-vaccination cases of paralysis, which therefore were not polio at all.

Le Gros Rouge

Frenchmen are drinking themselves to death at a faster rate than ever. Dr. Guy Godlewski, a Paris hormone specialist, told the French Academy of Medicine last week that after wartime's austerity, the number of deaths from cirrhosis of the liver quadrupled from 1947 to 1950, tripled again by 1956. The peak total that year: 20,270 deaths from alcoholism, 14,176 of them from cirrhosis. Cause of the trouble is not hard liquor, said Dr. Godlewski, which most Frenchmen use sparingly, but ordinary red wine, or *le gros rouge*. Alcoholism is not the only contributing cause of cirrhosis, and may not lead



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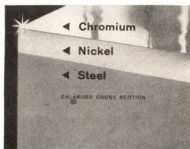
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to it at all if the rest of the diet is properly balanced. But the cause-and-effect relationship in France is so clear and so common that he calls cirrhosis of the liver *la maladie du gros rouge*. The vast majority of 8,000 victims studied had drunk two to three quarts of the stuff every day.

What Is a Homosexual?

With homosexuality in Britain a matter of government concern and wide-open public discussion (TIME, Dec. 16), the once-taboo subject got a whirl in last week's *British Medical Journal*. First difficulty, reported a three-man research team which had worked at Bristol Mental Hospitals, is to find out just what a homosexual is. So the Bristol psychiatrists went to nearby prisons, got 64 volunteer subjects, aged 20 to 61, doing time for unnatural acts. The researchers exploded a lot of widespread fallacies:

¶ Even among prison cases, homosexuality is no all-or-nothing quality. Only nine of the 64 were 100% homosexual; all the rest were "mixed" cases with varying degrees of heterosexuality. While half definitely preferred the company of other males, 18 preferred that of women (13 were indifferent). Several would have been willing to marry for the sake of having children, but could not bear the thought of heterosexual intercourse.

¶ With only four exceptions, the subjects were no different physically from men with normal drives; they were not unusually hippy, did not have overdeveloped breasts, their pubic hair grew in the normal male pattern.

¶ There was no consistent predisposing factor (such as head injury) as some investigators have alleged. Alcohol was not important in their own lives, but had been in many cases for their fathers, often to the point of breaking up the home.

¶ The difference between the homosexuals' ratio of male-female hormone output and that of normal men used for comparison was negligible.

One disturbing finding: nine of the 64 had been scoutmasters and had had relations with boys in their troops. "This suggests," say the three psychiatrists guardedly, "either that scouting strongly activates latent homosexuality or that homosexuals . . . join the scouting movement because of the . . . opportunities."

Mushroom Madness

In the spotless Basel laboratories of the Swiss drug company Sandoz A.G., a short, trim scientist of 52 performed a strange experiment. Research Director Albert Hofmann meticulously dissolved five milligrams of white crystals in a test tube of water. Then, while tense assistants looked on, he swallowed the potion, lay down on a couch and waited. Within an hour Hofmann began to report: "I am losing my normal bodily sensations . . . My perception of space and time is changing . . . Your faces appear strange . . ." Finally: "Now, as I close my eyes, I see a wonderful but indistinct kaleidoscopic train of visions. They are vividly colored."

Alone with his visions, Experimenter



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Now, see for yourself. Tramp the miles of wilderness trails. Wet a hook in the snow-fed lakes that mirrored Indian campfires. Or, as the mountain men liked to do, lazy around a spell for your soul's quiet peace.

A poet wrote of the West: "*Bring me men to match my mountains!*" America has always answered that call, for there's a challenge in this restless, adventurous nation that breeds great men... *men who dare to stand up against the sky itself!*

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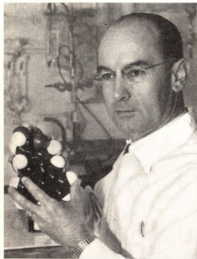
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Hofmann stayed on the couch three hours until the drug's effects wore off. He got up feeling fine. After two years of delicate lab work, he announced last week, Hofmann had managed to isolate a mysterious substance—the chemical that has caused men of many races, through the millennia, to have otherworldly visions after eating certain kinds of mushrooms.

For Hofmann, such chemically induced visions are not new. He is famed among the world's biochemists and psychiatrists because in 1943, by accident, he absorbed (probably through the skin of his fingers, he now speculates) an infinitesimal amount of a potent chemical. For a while it made him wacky. He identified it as lysergic acid diethylamide, now universally known as LSD-25. It has proved an



CHEMIST HOFMANN
From hallucinations, hope.

invaluable weapon to psychiatrists seeking to reproduce symptoms like those of schizophrenia (TIME, Dec. 19, 1955).

Researcher Hofmann moved from LSD to mushrooms thanks largely to Ethnologist (and a J. P. Morgan vice president) R. Gordon Wasson and his Russian-born wife, two dedicated, medical-minded mushroom eaters. The Wassons have voyaged all over the world seeking ritual devotees of exotic mushrooms and sharing their hallucinations, reported on their experiences in LIFE and in a \$125 book (only 500 copies printed), *Mushrooms, Russia and History*. A French companion on their travels sent Hofmann specimens of one of the most potent mushrooms, *Psilocybe mexicana*. From its little brown umbrella, perched on a delicate stem, Hofmann isolated the pure chemical (he calls it psilocybin) that induced his experimental hallucinations.

Sandoz will release psilocybin only to highly reputable medical investigators. To them, it means that they can now use a third chemically pure substance—in addition to LSD-25 and mescaline—to induce controllable symptoms like those of uncontrolled mental illness. From such studies they hope to find chemical cures.



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SPORT

Bright Career

Coming around the far turn, Calumet's great colt Tim Tam was making his move. The Belmont Stakes, brightest jewel in the Triple Crown of the turf, seemed safely in the bag. Bets on the odds-on favorite seemed safely in the bank.

After winning the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, Tim Tam figured to take the Belmont in a walk. Last hope of the hunch players was a barrel-chested Irish colt named Cavan, who had come from nowhere to win the Peter Pan Handicap just the week before. And suddenly it was Cavan who was getting a call. Aboard the favorite, worried Jockey Ismael Valenzuela went to the whip. Tim Tam wobbled badly. His fine stride suddenly looked awkward; he was in trouble. Snug on the rail, Cavan was reaching out and running away. The liver-colored Irish import breezed under the wire with ears pricked, winning by an easy six lengths.

Behind him, Tim Tam hung on to second. But Jockey Valenzuela was no longer punishing his mount. The lame favorite finished under his own courage, and his jockey dismounted far down the track rather than make him carry weight a step more than necessary. Later, after an ambulance had helped him to his barn, X rays showed that Tim Tam had chipped a bone in his right foreleg. The Triple Crown was gone; his brief, bright career was probably over.

Too Cold for a Count

During his eleven years in the prize ring, Virgil ("Honeybear") Akins, 30, never earned much more than a reputation as a listless, slow-starting pug. Last week the St. Louis Honeybear suddenly

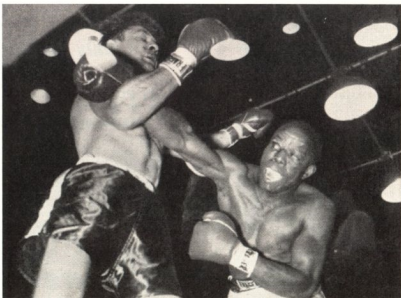
turned into a tiger. To the delight of a home-town audience, he took just 20 seconds of the first round to put New Jersey's Vince Martinez on the deck in their fight for the welterweight championship of the world. Martinez managed to get up, but it was a painful mistake. Akins dropped him eight more times in three more rounds, flattened his nose, and finally knocked him so cold that Referee Harry Kessler did not even bother to count.

Steamed Out

Just before his fleet-footed protégé, Herb Elliott, 20, stepped to the starting line for the mile run at California's Compton track met last week, Aussie Coach Percy Cerutti bobbled his grey goatee with an expansive boast: "We will set too fast a pace for him and steam him out."

Despite Cerutti's floating pronouns, everyone within earshot understood. He was talking about Villanova's Ron Delany, the frail, pale Irishman who, never running faster than he has to, has been almost unbeatable ever since he won the 1,500 meters in record time at the 1956 Olympics. Aussie Elliott was casually planning to race him right off the track. Neither Herb nor his coach showed any concern about the presence of Hungarian Refugee Laszlo Tabori.

Elliott took off on the heels of Pace Setters Jerome Walters and Bob Shankland. He turned the first quarter in 57.5, and the speed that was supposed to steam out Delany threatened to burn up Elliott as well. A Negro youngster collecting hurdles at the trackside watched the runners whisk past and chuckled softly: "Look like those cats think it's the 440. Something's gotta give."



MARTINEZ CATCHING AKINS PUNCH
Honeybear turned out to be a tiger.

U.P.I.

Elliott finished the half in 1:59.3. The pace setters faded, and Delany's bobbing stride began to break apart. He looked more and more like a man in a bowler hat trying to catch a tram. Tabori came on to make a brief challenge, but Elliott stayed in command. He had no noticeable finishing kick; he merely ran fast all the way. Coach Cerutti stood at the head of the stretch wildly waving a towel, the signal that there was a chance to break the world's record (3:58). As usual, Herb Elliott's competition was only the clock, and he fell a few ticks short. Time for the mile: 3:58.1. Tabori was second, a shade on the wrong side of four minutes. Well beaten, Delany hung on to third.

"What happened to Delany?" the young Aussie was asked when he caught his breath. "I didn't look back to see," said Elliott. The Delany himself supplied the answer. There were no excuses. It was not the cold wind that bothered him, he said with a smile. "It was lack of wind. I didn't have any."

Relief Pitcher

The tension was clearly too much for the home team. Starting Pitcher Sandy Koufax walked four men in one inning and was sent to the showers. Reliever Don Bessent let a man steal home. The Dodgers were losing to Cincinnati 6-0 when the public address system sputtered: "Attention, ladies and gentlemen. The vote on Proposition B, returns from the first 58 precincts, shows: yes, 3,844 votes; no, 3,557 votes." The crowd hooted. "Can I change my vote to no?" roared a first-base fan. "I wanna send these bums back to Brooklyn."

Final Innings. All evening the returns came in as the count progressed on whether the people of Los Angeles wanted a goat pasture called Chavez Ravine changed into a site for a big-league stadium (TIME, April 28)—and consequently, whether the legend L.A. on the Dodgers' caps was to become a permanent symbol or a passing memory. All evening the count was closer than the game (final score: Cincinnati 8, L.A. 3). Not until late the next afternoon was Dodger President Walter O'Malley satisfied that his team had won the referendum. The Dodgers themselves reacted by winning four of their next five games, including three straight from the Braves.

But O'Malley's opponents still figure that they have a few more turns at bat. Week's end saw the start of hearings on a series of taxpayers' suits to stop the Dodgers from building their new ballpark. But if the results of the referendum stand up in court, unofficial scorers will surely write into the record book that it was a portly old relief pitcher named Walter O'Malley who came on in the final innings to win the game.

For a while, it seemed as if Walter had waited too long before he came out of the bullpen. From the moment the Dodgers got to town, their front office antagonized the powerful suburban press. National League President Warren Giles riled all L.A. by threatening to take the

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Richard Cottle Flies... a TRI-PACER



Richard A. Cottle (right), Midwest sales manager for Nice Ball Bearing Co., Philadelphia, maps flying business trip with Sales Engineers David Donovan, John Olson. District headquarters is at Oak Park, Ill.



"My sales territory covers all of 10 mid-western States and parts of two others," says Mr. Cottle. "I fly my Tri-Pacer an average of 36,000 miles a year—couldn't cover the area effectively any other way.



"I find my Tri-Pacer highly advantageous both in saving time and building new business. Further, it's most economical to operate and maintain. Overall costs compare very favorably with auto travel."

The Piper Tri-Pacer, world's most popular low-cost, 4-passenger airplane, was designed with the businessman in mind. Fast, easiest to fly, most economical to buy and easiest to maintain, the Tri-Pacer is the ideal business plane. Over 6,000 are now being flown. Couldn't you make profitable use of a Tri-Pacer in your business? See your Piper dealer, or for brochure and details of "Learn as You Travel" and "Learn on Vacation" plans write Dept. 8-T.

PIPER
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Lock Haven, Pennsylvania

MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD

Dodgers out of town if they lost the referendum. O'Malley's enemies shouted from every street corner and TV set that he was a vicious land pirate bent on picking up real estate, not on bringing baseball to the West.

Third Strike. Then Walter waddled to the mound. He went into his pitch on more TV programs than Betty Furness. He was no fireballer; he did not try to blow down the opposition. Instead, he tantalized the opposition with soft change-ups and calm, canny rationalizations. But mostly, he showed the voters that he was not a monster. Always he spoke softly and sounded reasonable. Two nights before the election, O'Malley's well-heeled backers organized a telethon in which Hollywood's most articulate stars turned out as cheerleaders.

In a TV debate on election eve, O'Malley went on as the final speaker after two hours of shrill argument and ill-tempered accusations, and once again he threw his change-up. He was glad, he said, to be part of such a democratic process. He was sure the people were sick and tired of hearing about Chavez Ravine, and, as a matter of fact, so was he. "I'm not going to be angry with anyone," he said, "no matter which side loses." He looked and acted like a dumpy, fatherly man who could forgive his children their mistakes.

Though the opposition did not recognize it, they had just watched the third strike go by. It did not matter that the margin of victory was narrow—345,435 to 321,142. "In baseball," said Walter, "a win by 1-0 is as good as a win by 13-1."

Scoreboard

Apparently intrigued by the freewheeling advantages of operating outside an established athletic conference—no unprofitable schedule commitments, no prying commissioners to police athletes' subsidies—the University of Washington's board of regents voted to follow in the steps of California, U.C.L.A. and U.S.C. (TIME, Dec. 23) and desert the 43-year-old Pacific Coast Conference. With Stanford also slipping away fast, the P.C.C. has one clear course left: divide up its \$250,000 bankroll and dissolve.

With leathery old (51) Jockey Charlie Smirke aboard, Sir Victor Sassoon's easily ridden colt Hard Ridden ran off with the Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs by five lengths over the 100-to-1 shot Paddy's Point. A casual bargain picked up at public auction for \$792, Hard Ridden repaid Millionaire Banker Sir Victor's investment with a Derby winner's \$56,000 purse.


Although they seem stuck in the second division of the American League, the Detroit Tigers finally managed to boost themselves out of baseball's sociological basement. Third Baseman Ossie Virgil, native of the Dominican Republic, was called up from the minors, became the first Negro to play for the Tigers. Sole survivor from the old days of lily-white big-league ball: the Boston Red Sox, who have yet to find room on their roster for a Negro.

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In this experimental shop at Western Electric, promising ideas for new Bell telephones are turned into working models.

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It's the job of Western Electric as manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System to make the telephones and telephone equipment needed to serve you. Helping to bring along new products you like is part of that job.

Western Electric

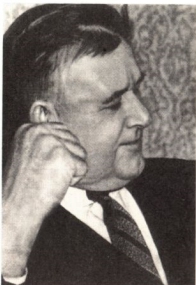


Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

EDUCATION

Repaying the Rent

Evan Edward Worthing told the Negroes who rented his property in Houston: "You let me have what belongs to me, and I'll give you what belongs to you." A fair man who sometimes seemed hard, he had captained the first Texas A. & M. football team to beat the University of Texas (12-0, in 1902), and he sternly threw out tenants who had no good reason for defaulting on their rent. But he lent money freely when times were hard, would let a family fall behind on the rent if there were good reasons for it. Quietly he made no-interest loans to his tenants



LANDLORD WORTHING
Cash across the color line.

to help put their children through high school. By 1951 he was a millionaire.

At 68, ill of diabetes, Landlord Worthing was taken to a hospital, told that one of his legs must be amputated. As he lay waiting for the operation, he looked back over a life that had led from college to a job as signal design engineer for the Southern Pacific Railroad, then to real estate dealings in white-tenanted property, and finally, after a severe Depression loss, into Negro rentals. Then Evan Edward Worthing called his lawyer to the hospital, explained the terms of a will he wanted drawn. Eleven months later, in December 1951, he died. In his principal bequest, he gave his Negro tenants what he felt belonged to them: \$1,350,000 of his \$1,600,000 gross estate, to be placed in a trust fund for Negro college scholarships.

Last week 20 college-bound Negroes from Houston (where a junior-senior high school was named for Worthing this year) got \$4,000 scholarships in colleges of their choice. Total given so far by Worthing's trust, which will continue indefinitely: 130 scholarships worth \$520,000.

Cash for Yale

Yale, the U.S.'s second richest private university (first: Harvard), announced plans to raise \$140,000,000 within the next decade, then in the next breath, told of a windfall already harvested. The gift: \$15 million from the Old Dominion Foundation established by Financier Paul Mellon, Yale '29. It will be used to strengthen the residential college system, add two new colleges. Architect for preliminary site and design studies: Eero Saarinen.

For the benefit of other benefactors, Yale made out a list of gifts—enormous, huge or merely sizable—that it would like to receive within five years: \$14 million for graduate fellowships, undergraduate scholarships and student loans; \$10 million for faculty pay raises; \$6,447,000 for a new geology building, geology teaching and research; \$6,000,000 for twelve new professorships; \$3,931,000 to build a new school of art and architecture, remodel the existing school; \$1,000,000 for the Yale University Press.

Kudos

Brown University

Robert Francis Goheen, president of Princeton Litt.D.

Citation: "May the wisdom of . . . Sophocles temper your despair as you encounter problems that cannot readily be solved, and your soldier's courage drive you to their solutions . . ."

Helen Hayes, actress LL.D.
Sidney E. Smith, Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs LL.D.

Citation: "As president of two universities, you had the patience of Job, the endurance of Samson, the wit of Puck, and the virtue Caesar's wife had not. All these qualities . . . you will bring to . . . the baffled world of diplomacy, where good humor and a clear mind are more effective than legalism and ceremony."

John Hay Whitney, Ambassador to Great Britain LL.D.

Clark College of Technology

John Alex McCone, newly appointed member of the AEC L.H.D.

Columbia University

Padraic Colum, poet, critic and dramatist Litt.D.
Per Jacobsson, managing director, International Monetary Fund LL.D.
James Rhyné Killian Jr., the President's Special assistant for science Sc.D.

Citation: "In a tense and turbulent hour, his is a calm voice, one we do well to heed."

Herbert Henry Lehman, former U.S. Senator from New York LL.D.

Creighton University

Major General Bernard A. Schriever, Air Force missile chief Sc.D.

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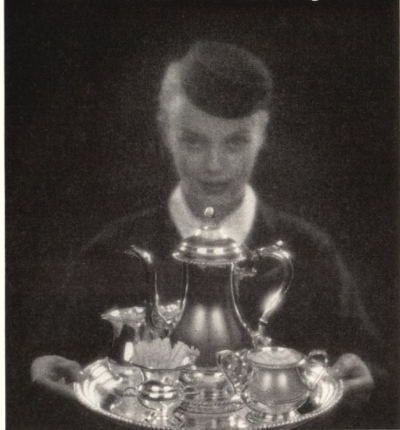
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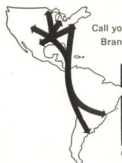
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Dartmouth College

The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame..... LL.D.

DePauw University

Leroy E. Burney, U.S. Surgeon General..... Sc.D.
Maurice Harold Macmillan, Prime Minister of Great Britain..... LL.D.

Gettysburg College

Margaret Chase Smith, U.S. Senator from Maine..... LL.D.

Hood College

Sylvia Porter, columnist..... LL.D.

Citation: "Wife, mother, brilliant writer and noble person, all in one superb package . . ." [See PRESS.]

Kenyon College

John Crowe Ransom, poet, critic and teacher..... Litt.D.

Citation: "We remember your poems that make a miracle of language . . . [and] the no less sensitive critical insights . . . Finally, we remember that your Olympian preoccupation does not prevent you from loving a ball game, a horse race, a political campaign, a televised western and tomatoes in your garden."

Loras College

Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine Ambassador to the U.S..... LL.D.

Michigan State University

Adlai E. Stevenson..... LL.D.

Citation: "As Governor of Illinois and as candidate for President of the United States, you acquitted yourself as an exceptional statesman with a deep loyalty to the principle of liberty . . ."

Mount Holyoke College

Marian Anderson, singer..... Mus.D.

Mount St. Mary's College

Dwight David Eisenhower..... LL.D.

Citation: "You once forged the most perfect alliance of nations in the world's history for the salvation and vindication of democracy in the greatest of world wars . . . Even as President . . . yours has always been the soldier's way . . . You have been the true patriot, and in our time, first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of your countrymen . . . You have held the flag aloft in the dark night of war and the dreary day of its aftermath . . ."

New York University

John F. Brosnan, chancellor, University of the State of New York..... LL.D.

Citation: "One of the most stellar products that Brooklyn has sent into spacious orbit . . ."

Jack Isidor Straus, chairman, R. H. Macy & Co., Inc..... D.C.S.

Citation: ". . . Head of the greatest mercantile establishment of its kind extant, a New York landmark that is the pride and also the benevolent pickpocket of the City at large, whose Red Star is the lodestar for thrifty shoppers the world over . . ."

Quincy College
 Bob Hope, actor LL.D.
 John Kennedy, U.S. Senator from Massachusetts LL.D.

Russell Sage College
 Sanford L. Cluett, shirtmaker, inventor of Sanforizing Sc.D.

Rutgers University
 Charles P. Bailey, pioneer in heart surgery L.H.D.
 William J. Brennan Jr., Associate Justice, U.S. Supreme Court LL.D.
 Richard Palmer Blackmur, poet and critic Litt.D.

Saint Louis University
 Wernher von Braun, space and missile scientist Sc.D.
Citation: "Infinite patience with official apathy, frustrating bureaucracy, and public disbelief in two countries . . ."

Salem College (Salem, W. Va.)
 Branch Rickey, chairman, Pittsburgh Pirates Doctor of Humanics

Syracuse University
 Sir Leslie Knox Munro, president, U.N. General Assembly LL.D.

Tufts University
 General Curtis LeMay, Air Force vice chief of staff Sc.D.
Citation: "Distinguished military officer, combat hero, aeronautical pioneer, talented administrator, dedicated public servant, leader of men, right arm of the shield of the Republic . . ."

University of Arizona
 William Grant Stratton, Governor of Illinois LL.D.
Citation: "You have learned well the art of public service and you have exemplified honor and integrity in the administration of the affairs of a great state . . . You have established records of achievement that are worthy of emulation . . ."

University of Maryland
 Milton Eisenhower, president of Johns Hopkins LL.D.

University of Massachusetts
 Paul A. Siple, scientist-explorer of the South Pole Sc.D.

University of Notre Dame
 James P. Mitchell, Secretary of Labor LL.D.
 Alfred Sloan, philanthropist LL.D.

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 Lee A. DuBridge, president, California Institute of Technology L.H.D.

Wesleyan University
 John G. Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada LL.D.
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 Electrical Contractor with
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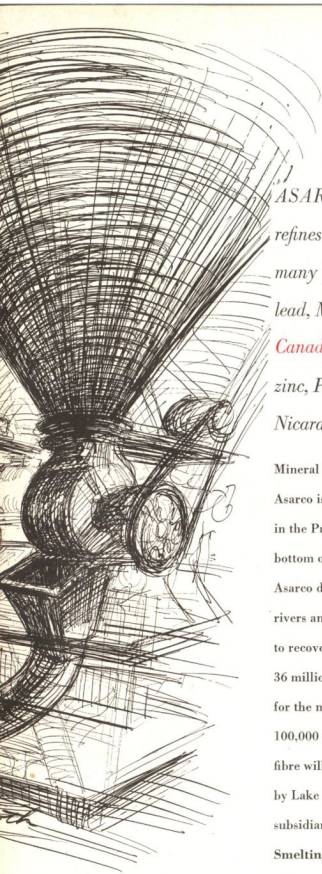
In today's new buildings, the importance of electrical use has grown tremendously. For example, in industrial construction the electrical contractor's responsibility can account for as much as 70% of the total value.

NECA
 National Electrical Contractors Association

610 RING BUILDING, WASHINGTON 6, D.C.



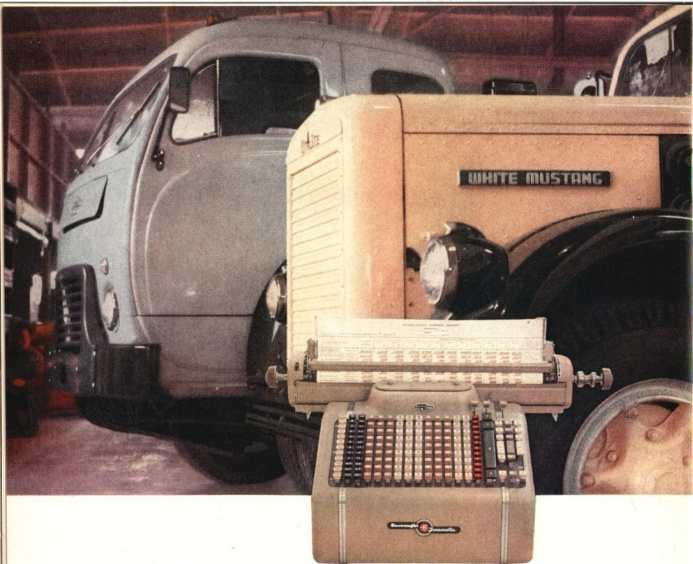
*Cyclone collectors in the Lake Asbestos mill
which separate the fibres from the rock.*



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Asarco is now mining asbestos
in the Province of Quebec. From the
bottom of a lake 200 feet deep.
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36 million dollars. The reward:
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control of over 100,000 parts shipped to 500 outlets...
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World's largest manufacturer of custom trucks, The White Motor Company, Cleveland, Ohio, uses Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machines to control inventories of 100,000 different service parts shipped to 500 points around the world.

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According to company officials, "Results show that our Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machines will pay for themselves within 18 months."

Success story? Yes, indeed. And typical of the quick, impressive results that Burroughs advanced data pro-

cessing systems—ranging from accounting machines to giant electronic computers—are delivering throughout the United States.

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THE PRESS

Downhold!

The appeal came down to Miami *News* staffers from Editor Bill Baggs: "Please do not hide any more suits on the expense account." Baggs' quip was characteristic of the front-office reaction of the nation's newspapers to the recession: concerned, but far from desperate.

Generally, circulation has held steady. But for the first four months of this year, newspaper ad lineage was off 7.8% from 1957 figures.* Coming on top of the general postwar rise in production costs, the recession was squeezing tighter yet the thin profit margins of many a publisher.

Around the nation, editors are trying to ride out the recession without major cutbacks by intensive downhold drives that are paring extras to the bone. The *Denver Post* dropped a Sunday pictorial section, got the cooperation of unions in cutting expenses and overtime, is now putting out the paper with 3,000 fewer man-hours per week than before the recession. In San Antonio the Express Publishing Co., owner of the morning *Express* and afternoon *News*, combined the two Saturday papers into one fat morning *Express-News*. Few newspapers are hiring; few are even replacing newsmen who quit. As a result, only 50 of some 600 International News Service newsmen, photographers and technicians dropped after the merger of INS with United Press to form United Press International (UPI, June 2) have found new jobs.

But not all papers are pinching pennies. Far from retrenching, the Atlanta *News-Papers Inc.'s Journal and Constitution* are spending more money. Explained *Journal-Constitution* Executive Editor Gene Patterson: "It was either retrench or increase expenditures and try for a better product that will sell. We thought the latter would be more rewarding."

New Man in Chattanooga

The best-known Southern newspapers are shaped in the image of their editors—the *Arkansas Gazette* of Harry Ashmore, the *Atlanta Constitution* of Ralph McGill, the *Greenville Delta Democrat-Times* of Mississippi's Hodding Carter. But to many Southern intellectuals, the finest paper in the region is built not around a man, but on a moderate, conscientious approach to racial integration and the self-declared aim "to give the news impartially, without fear or favor." The paper: the *Chattanooga Daily Times*.

Last week the *Daily Times* got a new managing editor: studious, gregarious John Nicholas Popham, 47, for the past eleven years the New York *Times's* chief Southern correspondent. Johnny Popham's appointment completed the replacement of the paper's aging top brass that was started 16 months ago when Ben Hale Golden, 47, became publisher.



EDITOR POPHAM
More than law and order.

Near Relations. Popham's service with the New York *Times* was no coincidence. Both papers are owned by the estate of the late (1935) Adolph Ochs; both are run by his descendants and their relatives. In fact, the *Chattanooga Daily Times* can claim to be the parent of its massive stablemate: Ochs was publisher and owner of the *Daily Times* when he bought the New York *Times* in 1896 for \$75,000. The *Daily Times* editor, Martin Ochs, 34, is his grandnephew; Publisher Golden is the son-in-law of *Times* Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who in turn, is a son-in-law of the patriarch.

The two papers have a startling family



JOE SCHERSHEL-LORE
COLUMNIST PORTER
As many dollars and as much sense.

resemblance—same front-page makeup and type, same earnest approach to the news. Dwarfed by the New York *Times* (circ. 570,717 v. 52,137), and heavily dependent on its news service, *Chattanooga's Daily Times* is nonetheless no poor Confederate-grey copy of its imposing relative. The two stand together on most major issues, e.g., presidential candidates (Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956). But on occasion the *Daily Times* has tartly differed with the colossus of the North. When *Daily Times* Washington Correspondent Charles Bartlett, a Pulitzer prizewinner, blasted the Eisenhower Administration for leaking major stories to favored papers, the *Times* was high on his list.

Johnny Popham will run a paper that publishes more national and international news than any other in the South. But the *Daily Times* draws its loudest praises—and heartiest damns—for its outspoken, Southern-liberal editorials on the region's big story: racial integration. Over the years the *Daily Times* has taken the most forthright stand of any major Southern daily in favor of gradual, peaceful integration under the law of the land. Often scorned as "that nigger-lovin' sheet," the *Daily Times* has paid a price for speaking its mind: during the past eight years, circulation has dropped by some 6,000.

Social Revolution. Son of a Marine major who won two Medals of Honor, the *Daily Times's* new managing editor was born in Virginia, educated at Fordham, and joined the New York *Times* in 1936. During World War II, he made nine Pacific landings (e.g., Tarawa, Saipan, Okinawa) as a Marine combat correspondent.

Reporter Popham was assigned to the South in 1947 by the *Times*, has won out four Dodges and two Buicks traveling 50,000 miles a year on his beat, likes to roll up his sleeves and sit for long, relaxed hours on courthouse benches, just talking to the people caught up in social revolution. He has long held that the Southern newspaper must help people—black and white alike—adjust to the shattering changes of an integration program that is both necessary and inevitable. "There is now a move to extend to the Southern moderate a sort of umbrella that involves the basic premise of just standing firm for law and order against mob rule. I'm glad to see this as a first step, but I am one who feels that we must read history well enough to know that it can be only the first step for what our task really is."

Housewife's View

She hustles through the messy, male-contrived world of finance like a housewife cleaning her husband's den—tidying trends, sorting statistics, and issuing no-nonsense judgments as wholesome and tart as mince pie. With such forthright energy, the New York *Post's* Sylvia Porter has made herself the most widely quoted financial writer in the U.S. Her column, "Your Dollar," is studied by Wall Street brokers, Washington economists, Chicago bankers and budget-conscious families from coast to coast. Under the impact of the recession, "Your Dollar's" syndication

* Magazine ad lineage was off 7.7%, and television ad revenue was up 14.1% for the first four months of 1958 compared with 1957 figures.

Canada Dry's "Pin-Point Carbonation" eliminates guessing which drink is better for you

WATERY HIGHBALL



1. Lacking in good taste, and it is no longer socially acceptable.



2. A lifeless, bland drink. What happened to the taste of the liquor?



3. It's "flater'n" a pancake... wishy-washy. Your best bet...throw away...start afresh.



4. Suggestion...try a Sparkling Mixer...Canada Dry Club Soda naturally...it's better for you.

SPARKLING HIGHBALL



1. Big feature...delectable taste. Has Exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation"—bubbles that last longer.



2. Canada Dry's secret formula enhances liquors' taste. Makes a delicious drink every time.

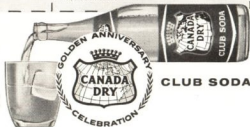


3. No disappointing wasted drinks...bubbles curb aftereffects...you're travelling first class when Canada Dry's the mixer.



4. Canada Dry speeds the liquor through your system 80% faster than plain water. You'll feel better tomorrow.

**INDEPENDENT
RESEARCH SAYS:**
"Highballs with
Sparkling Mixers"
(like Canada Dry Club Soda)
"are better for you."



has almost doubled in the past year, is now printed in 220 papers.

Clarity & Point. The secret of Sylvia Porter's success is that she writes of complex financial matters in terms that Everyman can understand, shuns the jargon of the financial specialist (which many a businessman—though loath to admit it—does not understand too well himself). She constantly redefines technical terms, turns complex concepts into housewifely images. "I write for a faceless image of myself," says she. "I figure if I'm interested in a subject, other people will be too."

As economist, Sylvia Porter is sound enough to command the respect of the business community; as historian, she has an instinct for the larger trends too often buried under reports of day-to-day news. She has a genius for translating a snarl of statistics into down-to-earth realities. Her favorite phrase: "What does it all mean?"

Last week she likened the Government's latest sale of bonds to a "gigantic sale of I.O.U.s," ticked off future bond issues planned for the next few months, and concluded: "It means that the greatest wave of cash borrowing by our Treasury since the Korean war and the greatest wave of borrowing ever in peacetime is about to sweep our land..." It means that the easy money era which was kicked off this past November will keep running through this period. All borrowers—including you—will be benefited by this.

In another column, she disparaged the fears of the fainthearted that the decline in automobile sales meant a shrinkage in the U.S. middle-income market. Plowing through Department of Commerce statistics that few businessmen consult, she showed that the proportion of middle-income families has risen from 37% in 1947 to 43% in 1957. "What does it all mean? It means that one of the greatest economic social revolutions of all time—the surging growth in America of a mass middle-income class—is still going on. It means that industry should be placing more, not less, stress on the middle-income market."

Fire & Charm. The daughter of a physician and a suffragette, Sylvia Field was born in Patchogue, N.Y., had her pretty head turned toward economics in 1929 when the stock market collapse wiped out her family's money. Then a 16-year-old freshman at Manhattan's Hunter College, she switched from English to economics to find out why, graduated *magna cum laude* with a Phi Beta Kappa key.

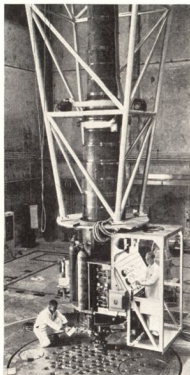
Married to a young economist named Reed R. Porter, Sylvia landed a job with a Wall Street broker who packed her off to Bermuda with ten suitcases containing \$175,000 in gold coin just before the U.S. went off the gold standard in 1933. Sylvia sold the gold for pounds, purchased British bonds, brought them back to the U.S., turned them into dollars for a pretty profit. With this practical experience behind her, Sylvia in 1935 persuaded the *Post* to hire her as a financial reporter. Three years later the *Post* warily gave her a column under the byline S. F. Porter,

THE PEACEFUL ATOM

...no basic discovery ever came so far, so fast

Power Plants Take Shape, Nuclear Knowledge Spreads Throughout the World

From man's first early experience with Fire, Water, and the Wheel to the industrial revolution took many thousands of years. Today our knowledge of atomic energy is less than 20 years old—yet this



THE ATOM MEANS NEW POWER...

The Sodium Reactor Experiment in California put nuclear electricity into everyday use in San Fernando Valley.

energy is already used by many American housewives at the flick of a switch.

Atoms International is helping to accelerate this rapid advance into the atomic age.

Sodium reactor successful

On July 12, 1957—just fifteen years after Fermi's first chain reaction—electricity began to flow from the Sodium Reactor Experiment (SRE) to homes in the San Fernando Valley. It was

America's first private-utility power for consumer use from a non-military nuclear reactor.

Atoms International built and operates the SRE for the Atomic Energy Commission. Soon a great new 75,000 kw power station will rise from the plains of the Middle West. Its heart will be a Sodium Graphite Reactor based on the SRE, built under AEC contract by AI for Consumers Public Power District of Nebraska.

OMRE exceeds expectations

Another AI power reactor project for the AEC is the Organic Moderated Reactor Experiment (OMRE), which has been in operation since September 1957. The highly satisfactory performance of the OMRE has clearly demonstrated the technical and economic suitability of this reactor type for immediate use to generate electrical power. Construction of the first Organic Moderated Reactor central power station will begin shortly at Piqua, Ohio. Nuclear ship propulsion studies indi-



...NEW TECHNIQUES

AI's Laboratory Reactors—safe and versatile—under construction for universities, laboratories, and hospitals.

cate another promising use for the Organic Moderated Reactor.

Important new concept

Southwest Atomic Energy Associates, a group of fifteen investor-owned utility companies in seven states, have signed a multi-million dollar contract with Atoms International to develop

a new type of power reactor—the Advanced Epithermal Thorium Reactor (AETR). Studies are directed to a target plant capacity of 200,000 kw.

Atoms across the sea

More and more countries are launching nuclear power development programs. Atoms International has supplied research reactors for nuclear development to Japan, Denmark, West Germany, West Berlin, Italy. A low-



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In the University of Frankfurt, West German scientists and students work with the research reactor, built by AI.

cost Laboratory Reactor for university training, compact and simple to operate, is also available from AI.

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Sporty AS A THUNDERBIRD

General Electric all-transistor 10,000-hour rechargeable pocket radio

Sleek and trim in its jewelry-finish aluminum case, this General Electric pocket radio stands out in sporty company. One set of rechargeable batteries plays up to 10,000 hours.



Batteries recharge automatically—just put radio in handsome leather recharger-travel case (not shown) and plug into any AC outlet. Binocular-style carrying strap clips on or off in a jiffy. Wonderful gift for your favorite sportsman!

90-day written warranty on both parts and labor. General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Dept., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Model P76S.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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MY CLOSEST SHAVE by Comdr. A. Gatti

Author, explorer, leader of 14 scientific expeditions



"My closest shave happened in Africa, one day when I was unarmed, taking pictures of shy game," says author-explorer Attilio Gatti. "Suddenly two rhinos emerged from the brush. One went off, one came straight at me. I yelled, slapped his right eye with my helmet. The rhino swerved, giving me just time to climb into the jeep I had left behind me. The rhino came back fast, and almost caught up with the jeep. But I pushed the accelerator to the floor, and finally got away."

YOUR CLOSE SHAVES! New Colgate Instant Shave takes all the fight out of the toughest, most stubborn beard . . . gives you a really smooth, clean shave in a hurry! It's a great shave buy for the tough-beard guy! Try new Colgate Instant for a close shave with any razor!

COLGATE INSTANT SHAVE



and did not let her affirm her sex until 1942, when S. F. was changed to Sylvia.

Divorced from Porter in 1941, Sylvia is now married to G. Sumner Collins, promotion manager of the *New York Journal-American*. At 44, she is a handsome woman with flashing brown eyes, makes the most of her charm and social position in covering her financial beat. At a dinner party last July, she heard businessmen moaning about cutbacks in reinvestment plans and the chances of an ensuing dip in the economy, sat down the next afternoon in her grab-bag office at the *Post* and pounded out one of the first stories predicting the onset of the recession. Other columns come from her own frustrations. When her vacuum cleaner, television set and iron all broke down in a single day, she wrote a scathing column blaming planned obsolescence—and got 500 supporting letters from readers. A product of the '30s, she readily admits that she leans toward pump-priming Keynesian economics and the Democratic Party. "I don't see how anyone could have lived through the Depression and feel differently."

On weekends Sylvia and her husband shuttle up to an exurbanite home complete with swimming pool in upper Westchester County: "I don't put on a girdle until Monday." But every Monday Sylvia returns to an apartment on lower Fifth Avenue and to her office at the *Post*, where—puffing Philip Morris cigarettes and rattling off her sentences at a deadline-racing clip—she delights in making as many dollars and as much sense as she can out of the clutter of financial facts.

Murder for Profit

"I, Donald Hume, do hereby confess to the *Sunday Pictorial* that on the night of October 4, 1949, I murdered Stanley Setty in my flat in Finchley-road, London. I stabbed him to death while we were fighting."

With these bold-faced, blaring lines on its front page, the London *Sunday Pictorial* last week splashed the gaudy tale of a murderer who could talk freely about his crime. In 1950 Donald Hume was tried for the murder of a tinhorn used-car dealer named Stanley Setty. After his first trial produced a hung jury, the judge presiding at his second trial directed the jurors to find Hume not guilty of murder. Hume pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of being an accessory after the fact—he had dumped Setty's dismembered body from an airplane over the Thames estuary.

Serving time in Dartmoor Prison, Hume was frequently visited by *Pic* Assistant Editor Fred Redman, who suspected there was a bigger story still untold. Redman was right. After leaving Dartmoor in February, Hume agreed to give the *Pic* a full confession. *Pic* Reporter Victor Sims took Hume to a country hotel overlooking the Thames estuary where the body was dropped. Hume lay on a bed, stared up at the ceiling, and calmly described how he killed and chopped up Setty. Recalls Sims: "It was the most terrifyingly bloody day of my life."

As Hume told it in last week's *Pic*: "I



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CONNECTICUT GENERAL

was born with a chip on my shoulder as big as an elephant." The "aunt" who raised him turned out to be his mother, who apparently refused to accept him as her son because he had no legal father. As a lad, Hume soon developed the ethic: "If you have an enemy, GET RID OF HIM."

Hume gave Communism a whirl, masqueraded as an R.A.F. officer ("It was a great thrill to have everyone saluting a bastard like me"), got married. Then he met Setty. "He had a voice like broken bottles and pockets stuffed with cash." When he heard reports that Setty was hanging around his wife, Hume suddenly



London Sunday Pictorial
MURDERER HUME & NEWSMAN SIMS
Confession is good for the wallet.

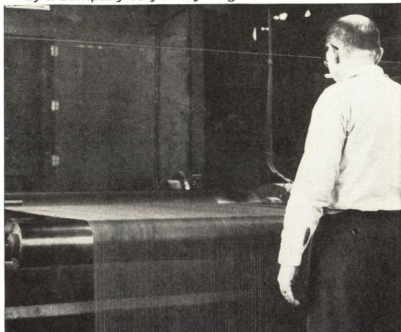
felt a twinge of jealousy, grabbed a dagger and—"continued next week."

This week's installment gave the *Pic's* 5,677,000 readers an even wilder fourpence worth: "I was wielding the dagger just like our savage ancestors wielded their weapons 20,000 years ago . . . We rolled over and over and my sweating hand plunged the weapon frenziedly and repeatedly into his chest and legs . . . I plunged the blade into his ribs. I know; I heard them crack."

Hume is getting an estimated £3,600 from the *Pic*, with nothing to fear from British justice in all probability. He cannot be tried again for murder. If tried for perjury, he need only say that the *Pic's* story is a lie committed for money and reaffirm the testimony he gave at his trial.

The prospect of a murderer—and a story—getting away has set Fleet Street to trampling out a foaming vintage of sour grapes. Cried the *Daily Sketch*: "Arrest this man." Huffed the *Star*: "It is bad for a nation when a man can get away with murder and show a profit."

Today's **Big News** in the tire industry is being made by a company 60 years young!



Prestretching nylon tire strands

PENNSYLVANIA TIRE
uses two-way stretch to give
you longer lasting nylon tires!

Mansfield, Ohio, June 16 — Vitality important to tire buyers everywhere is the fact that a dynamic tire company here is making nylon tires with a new "Controlled Resiliency." This thermally prestretched nylon cord gives you all the smooth-flexing action you expect of a quality tire, *plus* a new freedom from the nylon tire "growth" that has been a problem for so many truck operators and car owners. In addition, the progressive Pennsylvania Tire Company is:

Using an atomic "lie detector" (that works with Beta Rays) to eliminate weak or thin danger spots, and strengthen the tire plies.

Curing tires automatically in the most modern plant in the world to produce more perfect tire uniformity.

Putting a 35% longer flexline in the sidewalls by a special tire-building technique that gives you a cooler-running tire and a softer, safer ride.

Building an amazing dual-tread tire with an outer tread specially compounded for longer wear in contact with the road, while the under tread and sidewalls dissipate destructive heat build-up.



These tires are available *now* at your Pennsylvania Tire distributor's — see them today!

For the best buy on the best tires, see your

PENNSYLVANIA TIRE
INDEPENDENT DISTRIBUTOR

How Puerto Rico's remarkable backs a U. S. manufacturer's



Puerto Rican worker performs a delicate assembly task at the Weller Electric factory in Bayamón. Basic training was aided by the use of slow motion films, which the staff voluntarily attended in their spare time. Almost

every Puerto Rican is proud and enthusiastic to be employed in factory work. Absenteeism at the Weller plants in Puerto Rico averages less than two per cent. The girl above is completing the assembly of a soldering gun.

labor efficiency unusual guarantee

President of the Weller Electric Corporation credits the reliability of his precision products to the exceptional dexterity and enthusiasm of his Puerto Rican workers.



MR. CARL WELLER,
President

THE Weller Electric Corporation now has three separate operations in Puerto Rico. Between them, they make the famous precision products that you see in the photographs on the right—a soldering gun, a portable jig saw and an electric sander.

Each one of these power tools is guaranteed for one year. *This is an unusual guarantee in the power tool industry.* The standard period is only ninety days.

Weller profits in the first month

Mr. Carl Weller, president of the Weller Electric Corporation, pays tribute to his Puerto Rican staff for helping to make his unusual guarantee possible.

"Puerto Rican workers," he says, "have proved beyond doubt that they can work to my precise specifications and to my timetable. They learn quickly and apply themselves enthusiastically to any new task."

It is significant that Weller's operation in Puerto Rico started making a profit from the very first month that it was set up.

Weller Electric established their first Puerto Rican factory in Bayamón in 1950. It started with twenty employees. There are now three separate Weller plants in Puerto Rico—one for each product. These operations include making the parts—electrical transformer winding, for instance—as well as final assembly. In the past

eight years, the company has expanded its payroll and the size of its plants by over four hundred per cent.

The original Puerto Rican manager, José Rodríguez, is now President of the expanded Bayamón factory. Supervision and inspection, as well as labor, is reliably provided by Puerto Rican personnel.

Enthusiastic co-operation

Puerto Ricans are naturally proud that firms like the Weller Electric Corporation are now so firmly and profitably established in this beautiful Caribbean Commonwealth.

It speaks volumes for the enthusiastic co-operation that Puerto Rico offers to all new industries. The Puerto Rico Industrial Development Company (PRIDCO) stands ready to offer every possible assistance to manufacturers who are looking for suitable plant sites or factory buildings.

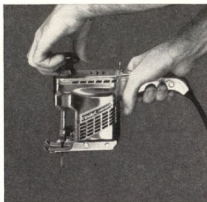
Free booklet for manufacturers

There are many further reasons why Puerto Rico, as a plant site, offers attractive profit possibilities. Example: the government will offer one hundred per cent tax exemption for a period of ten years, to all genuinely new or expanding industrial operations. For details, write for our free 75-page booklet, "Facts for the Manufacturer."

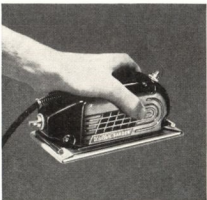
To find out if your company can qualify for 100 per cent tax exemption, write to: **Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Economic Development Administration**, Box TI-82, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York, or telephone CI 5-1200.



MADE IN PUERTO RICO. This is the famous Weller soldering gun. Like all other Weller power tools that are made in Puerto Rico, these soldering guns are guaranteed for one full year.



MADE IN PUERTO RICO. This Weller Sabre Saw is a remarkable example of Puerto Rican craftsmanship. It has no gears to wear out or parts to replace—and it never needs oiling.



MADE IN PUERTO RICO. The entire production of Weller sanders is concentrated at the new Weller plant in Luquillo. This factory is not far from famous Luquillo Beach.

ART

AMERICANS AT BRUSSELS: Soft Sell, Range & Controversy

FOR the thousands who eddy each day through the 470-acre exhibit-packed Brussels World's Fair, the U.S. Pavilion, with its open plaza, reflecting pool and splashing fountains, has become a star attraction. But what is inside the lofty, translucent drum designed by Architect Edward D. Stone (*TIME*, Cover, March 31) has become the subject of a running controversy, at home and abroad. Main reason is that the U.S., setting out to give its interpretation of a new humanism tailored to fit the Atomic Age, decided it could win more friends by using the soft sell. The result has led many a critic to charge that the sell is so soft that it has given a fuzzy picture of the U.S.

No other aspect of the U.S. exhibition, which ranges from fashion show to soda-serving drug counter, has raised such a

ruckus as the choice of U.S. art (see color pages). The original intent, outlined by American Federation of Arts Director Harris K. Prior, was to document the proposition: "Nowhere in the world can man live a complete life without the beneficent presence of the visual arts. In America, because of the highly mechanized civilization and the abundance of leisure time, they are perhaps even more necessary than elsewhere."

To give a cross section of this beneficent presence, from the most naive form to the most sophisticated, the U.S. fair staff appointed experts to pick 181 paintings, sculptures and craft objects, and divided them into four different exhibits. Contemporary sculpture was placed in the pavilion's interior pool; displays featuring 41 examples of native Indian art, a wide selection of American folk art, and, most controversial of all, 44 paintings by 17 artists under 45 now working from Manhattan to San Francisco, were spread out elsewhere in the building.

Pleased: None. It was a selection that pleased none. As soon as the choices were announced (and before they were seen), critical guns took aim from the whole perimeter of opinion. Cried New York *Herald Tribune* Art Critic Emily Genauer: "Our exhibits will indeed be a scandal." Her objections centered on the absence of traditional painters, and the emphasis on abstraction. The New York *Daily News* predicted an "atrocious" called for reinforcements from Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, Maxfield Parrish and Norman Rockwell.

The partisans of abstraction were equally upset. With U.S. abstract expressionist art shows now winning an international audience,⁹ they feared that the U.S. at Brussels had been trapped into scattering its fire, was in danger of losing the initiative already gained. *Art News* Executive Editor Thomas B. Hess labeled the U.S. representation at the fair a comical scandal, lacking in seriousness. He called for an all-out showing of the serious abstract painters and sculptors who "in the past 15 years have exerted an international influence, from Japan to Rome."

Bombarded with advice, harassed U.S. commissioners vainly pointed out that many of the U.S. big names were accounted for in the fair's top art attraction, "Fifty Years of Modern Art," a worldwide roundup that includes such leading U.S. painters as Realist Edward Hopper, Ben Shahn, and abstract expressionists Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline and Willem de Kooning. In an effort to achieve a last-minute save, Architect Ed Stone teamed up with Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art, added 15 paintings by such artists as Charles Sheeler, Stuart Davis, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh to the commissioner general's area in the U.S. Pavilion (where they are, unfortunately, seldom seen by run-of-the-fair visitors).

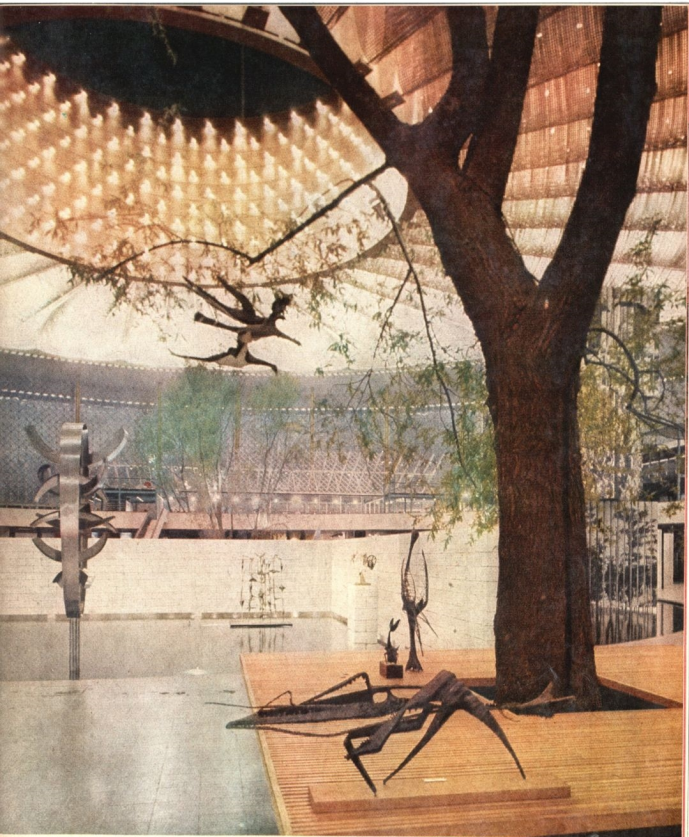
Result: Neither, Nor. After all the advance furor, the U.S. exhibit turned out to be neither so bad as the critics predicted nor so good as it might have been. The well-lighted displays of Indian art collected by Manhattan's Rockefeller-founded Museum of Primitive Art, admittedly provincial and primitive by comparison with the far richer Aztec, Mayas and Incas, give the European fair visitors a look at a little-known realm of

* A traveling show of 81 paintings by 17 present-day abstract painters is currently at Milan's Gallery of Modern Art, and a one-man retrospective by the late Jackson Pollock is on a seven month tour in Europe.

"LOVE AT HIGH NOON," by fast-rising San Francisco Artist Sonia Gechtoff, 31, aims to convey "a feeling of sensuality, of being alive."

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHAALE





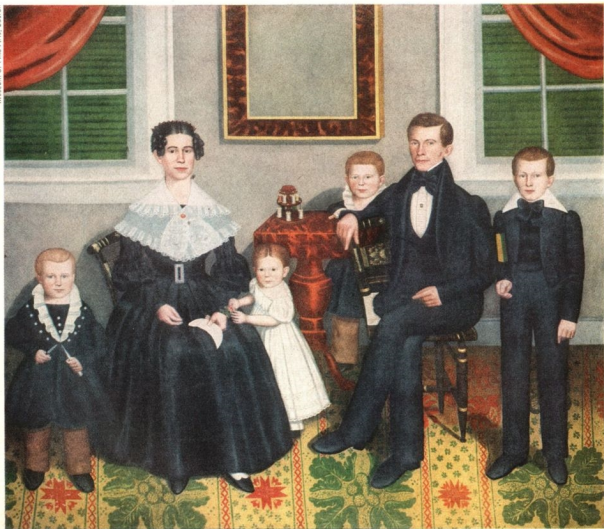
AMERICAN ART display at Brussels World's Fair, subject of art world controversy, ranges wide from primitive to modern. Contemporary sculptures, grouped around U.S. Pavilion's pool, include three welded-steel creatures (on wood platform) by

Katherine Nash, 48, stainless-steel birds (hanging from tree) by Mary Callery 54, futuristic wheel (left) by Isamu Noguchi, 53, Jungle gym-like bronze on float, by Ibram Lassaw, 45, and weird bird (on stand by pool wall) by David Smith, 52.



"COLISEUM," view of Rome's "enormous hunk of magnificent masonry," was painted in 1953 by Bernard Perlin, 39, to whom "it looks like a skull."

"FAMILY OF JOSEPH MOORE," by 19th century New England Primitive Erastus Salisbury Field, dates from 1840, was little noted until this year.





"BROADWAY RESTAURANT" (1957), by Newark-born Grace Hartigan, 36, is typical of U.S. abstract expressionism on view at Brussels. After year's work on themes of Manhattan's

Lower East Side, New York-loving Hartigan, "struck by the light and the piles of catchup bottles" of a brassy Broadway tavern, splashed its vibrant frenzy with condiment-toned colors.



SAUL STEINBERG lightened up U.S. art show with his *People of America* murals (total length: 250 ft.). Above section catches babes and slickers against New York street.

INDIAN ART (from left): Apache basket, Mohave ceremonial jar, Zuni war god, Chumash smoke blower, Eskimo mask and figure, Tennessee tribe effigy and Eskimo woman.



primitive art, American folk art, drawn by the Smithsonian Institution from such rich sources as the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art and Garbisch collections, gives a good, gusty look at America's untrained craftsmen at work on poised weathervanes, cigar-store Indians and crude but straightforward portraits.

The works that get the closest and most perplexed going-over are the 44 abstract paintings by artists under 45. Picked by a three-man jury composed of Metropolitan Museum of Art Curator Robert Beverly Hale, Minneapolis' Walker Art Center Director H. Harvard Arnason and San Francisco Museum of Art Director Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, they are supposed to show a "growing edge" of creative expression. Bewildered and amused Europeans pepper the girl guides with questions: "Why is there nothing realistic, like the Russians have?" "Can these artists really draw?" There is further puzzlement over the huge mural by *The New Yorker's* Cartoonist Saul Steinberg, which spoofs the U.S. in a way that amuses knowing Americans but only tends to baffle other visitors to the fair. After a week of watching fair crowds thronging through the U.S. exhibits, one U.S. observer summed up: "Some are puzzled, some think it is plain crazy, some love it. But the exciting thing is that everyone reacts."

Muted Message. Across from the U.S. Pavilion, the U.S.S.R. sets out to overwhelm with towering Russian workers in bronze, and heavy-handed official works such as Y. N. Tulin's *The Lena River, 1912*, with the explanatory title: "Burying of the gold mine workers shot down by the Czarist government in the strike of 1912." Near by, Vatican City has produced one of the best shows of all. Called *Imago Christi*, it shows 100 sacred images, ranging from the 4th century A.D. to the present. France has crowded into too small a space a fine collection of works by Matisse, Modigliani, Rouault and Braque, along with contemporaries like Bernard Buffet. Mexico displays its Big Four: Siqueiros, Rivera, Orozco and Tamayo.

Against such competition, the U.S. show has brought reactions that range from rage to rave. British Art Critic Douglas Cooper called it "so miscalculated as to be boring and ultimately comic." Paul C. Mills, 33, curator of the Oakland (Calif.) Art Museum, said: "There is no question that the American art section is decidedly the best. No one else comes close."

The fact lies somewhere between those extremes. In contrast with the Soviet exhibit, the U.S. show makes an important point. The purpose of the Soviet's towering statues of Lenin in bronze or Finnish granite is clear and explicit. The spidery, welded-steel world of U.S. sculpture and the splashy abstractions on canvas are not state-commissioned, nor likely to be. They leave no doubt that in the U.S. an artist is free to pursue his personal vision and interpretation. The hope of the U.S. show is that this unique message of freedom will make its way through the bewilderment.



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Work tools and materials are organized, work space doubled in new Clutter-Proof Desk

You couldn't afford to give every office worker two desks or rent the extra space. But these new Shaw-Walker Clutter-Proof Desks make your expensive office space do almost double duty.

The ingenious work organizing ability of these modern Shaw-Walker desks is the reason.

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You'll be amazed at the difference! Desk drawer hodgepodge and desk top clutter are entirely eliminated. Clear working space on top of the desk is *actually doubled*—there's more freedom to work and get things done.

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TELEVISION & RADIO

The Bad Old Summertime

One evening this week Metropolitan Opera Soprano Patrice Munsel will scout out to New York City's Idlewild Airport, warble through her *Show* before TV cameras in the terminal, then wave a heartfelt farewell to her viewers as they watch her fly off for Europe. In her prop wash she will leave the U.S. to make the best of TV's summer season, including her own program's hot-weather replacement, ABC-TV's *Frigidaire Summer Theater*.

Most TV critics have groused for months over the dreariness of this summer's prospective fare. The economics of the television industry dictate that it should not lavish big budgets on programming when many regular viewers are presumed to be out of range. And, more than most set-sitters like to believe, cost really does determine program quality. It still takes money to buy talent.

The only upsurge of new shows seems to be in participation programs. ABC is shouting *Anybody Can Play*, NBC challenges quizlings to *Pick a Winner* or try *The Big Game*, CBS dares viewers either to *Sing Along* or *Keep Talking!* Away from the panels and the quiz masters, there is little in prospect to excite viewers. ABC offers Bobby Troup's *Stars of Jazz* as relief from the heat. CBS will try its courtroom show, *The Verdict Is Yours* (TIME, May 19) as an hour evening program, in addition to *Verdict's* weekday afternoon half-hour run. NBC is scheduling two hour-long live shows, a private-eye staple called *The Investigator* and the converted *Kraft (Mystery) Theater*.

Those who failed to foresee anything twinkly in such summer-budget grist could always retire to the beach with their radios. But they would also have to remember that, when replacement time comes in TV, fall is not far behind. If they listened very keenly, they could even now hear a dominant, ominous sound of autumn—the greatest thunder of hoofbeats ever to rumble across the land.

Prattling Pompadour

"This is going to be wild," smirked Jack Paar before she floated into his *Show* one day last week, her pink-tipped fingers hiding "my cleavage" from the camera's peeping eye. For the next 85 minutes, Zsa Zsa ("Call me by my first Ja") Gabor turned prophecy into reality. Her seemingly artless and endless prattle displaced planned interviews and sketches (wailed Paar: "At what point tonight did I lose control of this show?"), frustrated the pawky comic, "Charlie Weaver" (Cliff Arquette), by seizing on his every lead-in joke line and running off with it. In fine, she out-Elsaed Elsa Maxwell (said Zsa Zsa later: "Why not? I measure 36-22-36"), the usual life of the Party.

Implausibly pretty and dazzlingly blonde, Zsa Zsa fielded references to her unprivate love life with wide-eyed candor that was disarming, and left her unabashed



By Friedman

Zsa Zsa & PAAR
Nobody gets her right away.

(her recent flibbertigibbeting with Ramfis Trujillo got her denounced in Congress as "apparently the most expensive courtesan since Madame de Pompadour"). She even broke in on that most cherished of TV sacraments, the commercial, once got Paar so flustered by interrupting his Norelco razor sales pitch ("It will cut him!" she cried) that he screamed: "It won't cut anything!" The audience was delighted. "Just what I expected," bubbled Paar after the show. "She asked me what to do, I said, 'Be yourself.'" He invited Zsa Zsa back for a return match and said, when she came back two days later: "My name is Jack Paar, I'm the announcer on the Zsa Zsa Gabor show." Paar was a gallant loser. Closing out their first show, he explained: "When I saw her on a little local show in California . . . I wanted her right away." Unwilling to let a man have the last word, Zsa Zsa interrupted: "Nobody gets me right away."

Community Chest

In a bleak, barnlike TV studio on the fringes of San Francisco's Skid Row, District Attorney Tom Lynch asked for bids on a rattan duck rising from dried grasses, Columnist Herb ("Mr. San Francisco") Caen tried to peddle the services of a private eye. For five days last week, from midafternoon to midnight, these and a hundred other prominent San Franciscans acted as volunteer auctioneers for some 5,000 items donated by San Francisco merchants or individuals. Occasion: the fourth annual fund-raising auction for San Francisco's KQED-TV, the community-owned educational television station.

Exotic Sale. A poodle went for \$175; a pony given by Tennessee Ernie Ford netted \$345. Most exotic item was a set of



The sun. The light it casts on earth equals that of 920,000 candles per square inch. Artificial lighting fills in where the sun leaves off.

The new Honeywell Light-Saver control makes possible the most economical use of artificial lighting to supplement sunlight in schools, offices and factories. It automatically turns off artificial lights in stages as sunlight increases, turns lights on as sunlight fades. Using photoelectric principles, it assures perfect light intensity always. Yet, by eliminating unnecessary burning of lights, the Light-Saver has cut bills as much as 80%. To learn how it can save you money, call or write Honeywell.

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The better way is Santa Fe

ONE railroad all the way between Chicago, California and Texas! Call the nearest Santa Fe Traffic Office and have the longest railroad in the United States go to work for you.



lavender sheets smeared with lipstick, which (the Cliff Hotel swore) had been used by Kim Novak. The sheets were bought by a tie manufacturer for \$200, converted into cravats, and reauctoned as neckwear two nights later.

KQED, one of the U.S.'s most dignified stations (TIME, Dec. 31, 1956), is dependent on such undignified auctions and fund drives for almost a third of its \$360,000 yearly expenditures. The major slice of its income (about \$155,000) comes from the sale of its filmed programs, which are sold to Ann Arbor's Educational Television & Radio Center for nationwide distribution to ETV stations. Most impressive KQED films: *Sing Hi, Sing Lo*, a history of the U.S. told through folklore and folk song; a series on Japanese brush painting taught by Artist Takahiko Mikami; *Fallout and Disarmament*, an hour-long debate between Scientists Linus Pauling and Edward Teller. KQED's final deficit (\$90,000) is made up by a membership drive selling subscriptions from \$10 and up that entitle the subscriber to nothing but a sense of community service.

Begin on a shoestring in 1954, KQED was at first limited by lack of cash to a 30-minute program three nights a week. General Manager Jim Day, 39, credits the station's subsequent rise to the do-it-yourself teamwork of the original six-man staff. By 1955, with the help of a \$114,000 grant from the Ford Foundation, KQED was running regular lectures, panel discussions, art shows and live symphonic concerts, kept growing even after the Ford grant ran out.

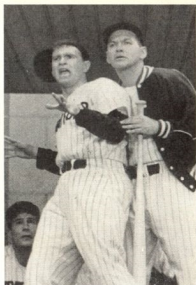
Civic Pride. Today's KQED's programs include a 30-show series on the U.S. economy, and a twelve-part series on *The World and Physics*, conducted by Physicist Teller. Each is a high-level professional show, but each is also entertaining. Philosophized Day: "Being high-minded is not enough. This process of discovery that we call education is exciting, and we should make it so." KQED-TV has done just that, and out of gratitude and civic pride. San Francisco's citizens have responded with financial support to help keep it proudly solvent.

The Canadian Caperers

Cynics have long contended that Variety-Showman Ed Sullivan is superfluous on CBS-TV's *Ed Sullivan Show*. Last week Sullivan was off at the Brussels Fair, and his substitute M.C., back in the U.S., had two heads and was called Wayne and Shuster. They came close to proving the cynics' point.

As hilarious as Sullivan is lugubrious, and as sparkling as Ed is post-effervescent, Canadian Comics Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster are everything that "The Great Stone Face" is not. Well aware of their talents, Impresario Sullivan has signed them up for at least 20 intermittent appearances over the next year.

Acrobatic Garnish. Neither is a second-hand gagster, and both would run at the drop of a joke book. Their humor is literate, and draws more heavily on the glories of the past than the gags of the present,



WAYNE & SHUSTER

Joyce Wilson

"So fair a foul I have not seen."

They seem to share a capacity not only for poking fun at folly but also for turning passing sorrow inside out. Standing in for Sullivan, Wayne and Shuster skittered nimbly through a confused-identity routine, belted out a metrically sound skit about a Shakespearean baseball team. Shrieked Catcher Wayne to a myopic umpire: "So fair a foul I have not seen. Accursed knave with heart as black as coat you wear upon your back! Now, for the bum thou art, stand'st thou revealed! Thy head is emptier than Ebbsfield!"

Sullivan gave the Canadian caperers a wide measure of autonomy. They may, and do, write their own classically zany material, hire their own supporting casts, ignore all advice except Sullivan's infrequent suggestions.

Unbalanced Accountants. Pals since their boyhood and through the Canadian army, irrepressible Shuster, 41, and volatile Wayne, 39, are solid family men and neighbors in Toronto. They attended Toronto University together, kicked off professionally in 1940 with a radio show, now work out their inspired foolishness in "the joke factory," a tiny upstairs den at Shuster's house lined with learned tomes, as befits two scholars holding bachelor's degrees in English literature. Says Shuster: "In a Julius Caesar scene, we try to do it so no classics professor would quarrel with it." They have also spoofed Mother Goose, Robin Hood, *Les Miserables*, and kidded the stirrups off "adult" westerns in a skit titled: "The Frontier Psychiatrist . . . dedicated to the brave men who brought mental health to the West!"

Ranging through all times and cultures for their humor, erudite Clowns Wayne and Shuster neither flaunt their learning nor talk down to their audience. Says Wayne: "There is an undercurrent of fairly competent acting in what we do. But we mostly look like a couple of accountants who can't get the same balance."

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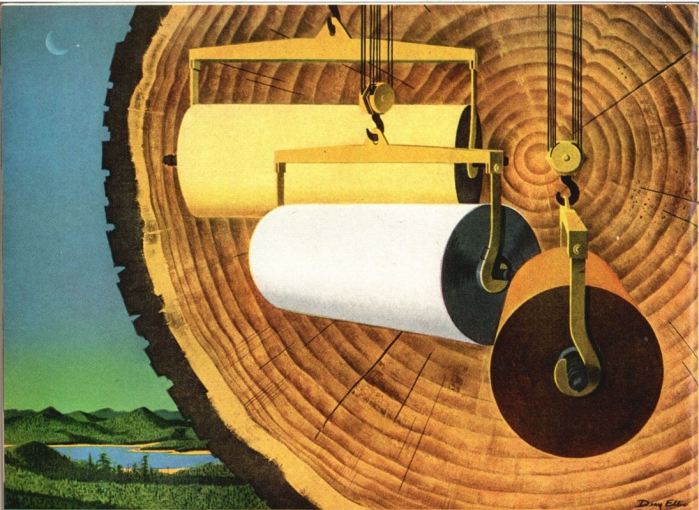


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With the highest living standard in history, America's 6% of the world's population consumes nearly 60% of the world's paper production. Our forests and mills must supply paper for almost 200 billion bags and boxes...14½ million miles of paper napkins...190 million textbooks each year.

Other useful applications are demanding tremendous new quantities of paper, too. Book publishers now use

almost 2 million tons of paper every year, thanks to the popularity of paperbacks and book clubs. The increase in advertising and new-found leisure time call for additional tonnage also.

Still, the industry is out to woo even more markets with new papers that are stretchable, flame-proof, insect-proof, or waterproof.

With a single papermaking installation costing as much as \$50 million, paper men need a complete bank—one with the resources and experience to take a creative approach to financing.

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As the paper industry looks ahead to establishing new mills abroad, it will find the Bank's on-the-scene facilities in South America and other key areas indispensable in helping to arrange credit, locate mill sites, procure personnel, and assist in all the financial problems expansion overseas entails.

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RELIGION

Geo-Theological Year?

Instead of following the parade of assorted groups demanding an end to atomic-weapons tests, the 250-member General Board, policymaking body of the Protestant National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., called upon the U.S. Government last week to launch an information program that would enable U.S. citizens to make up their own minds. "There is grave apprehension," said a board statement, "that the Government has made decisions . . . without due regard for the necessity of public understanding." In a nine-point program on the control of space and armaments, the board warned that "the risks of revealing secrets must be weighed boldly against the advantage of revealing truths. We hold that the fullest possible information is necessary for citizens to make moral judgments on crucial and complex issues . . ."

National Council President Edwin T. Dahlberg of St. Louis reported wide support for a "trial balloon" proposal he had launched in the council's magazine for an interfaith "International Geo-Theological Year." Just as the International Geophysical Year is studying the physical nature of the universe, said Dr. Dahlberg, an International Geo-Theological Year might study "the relation of the human soul to the cosmic order." Scientists, philosophers and theologians of all faiths should be invited to exchange views on such questions as:

¶ "Do we live and move and have our being in God, or simply in a kind of electric plasma?"

¶ "Is prayer a personal communion with a loving heavenly Father as Christ described it to be, or is it just a series of thought vibrations by which we correct

the spiritual imbalance between man and his natural environment?"

¶ "What is the goal of human history? In the thunder of sound barriers breaking, the roar of rockets rushing through space . . . how shall we think of time, and timelessness, and eternity?"

Schizophrenic Hell

Hell is a problem for theologians as well as sinners; to reconcile the worm and the fire with the Christian concept of a loving and forgiving God has been a perennial difficulty. In the Roman Catholic quarterly, *Thought*, Fordham University's Assistant Professor Robert W. Gleason, S.J., investigates Satan's kingdom in the light of modern thought. Says Theologian Gleason: "A combination of sentimentality, secular humanism and determinism have produced their own bitter fruit . . . It is no longer generally believed, to put the matter bluntly, that man is capable of choices that could bring him to eternal death." There is the additional difficulty of specific references to fire. "To many it appears that for God to plunge the soul into a sea of fire [suggests] a vindictive God who takes joy in torturing His enemies."

Jesuit Gleason meets this problem by suggesting that the agony of hell-fire is not something created by God at all, but rather that it grows out of the damned soul's eternal tension between love of self and love of God—and is much like the pain of schizophrenia. "We know that in this life the schizophrenic personality suffers greatly. Such a man believes that he is himself and someone else, [and] riven by this conflict he suffers as though devoured by himself. Now it is possible that the soul in Hell could feel this inner division with regard to itself and to the God for whom it thirsts with all its being . . . But the soul in Hell has throughout its life insisted upon making itself the center of the universe. Now that it is in Hell it sees with unmistakable clarity that the center of the universe is Christ Himself. The pain the soul suffers . . . is then the pain of fire and it is the direct result of the pain of loss."

It is the very nearness and glory of God's love, rather than Divine wrath or vengeance, Father Gleason suggests, that tortures the damned soul. "Just as the sun without alteration to itself nourishes one plant and burns another, so the fiery love of God without change in God rejoices the saints in heaven, purifies the souls in purgatory and tortures the souls in Hell . . . The violence of the soul's tension in Hell is simply a tribute to the enormity of God's goodness . . ."

Sequel

The romance of Leland Cummings Jr. and Mary Louise Werner roused Protestant and Catholic tempers last year. When the pair decided to get married, Leland's Roman Catholic parents sued Mary's Lutheran parents for \$500,000 for

enticing Leland away from his church with a \$75-a-month allowance and the promise of a \$25,000 job in Mr. Werner's ironworks in Milwaukee (*TIME*, July 1). Mary's father filed a countersuit, the litigation was dropped, the wedding bells (Lutheran) rang out.

Last week Mary charged in a divorce suit that during the single month they lived together before she left him, Leland had threatened her life, had quit his job at the ironworks and said that if she didn't support him, he would find somebody else who would. He did not contest the suit.



Arnett's Studio

POLEMICIST KIRBY

Does the Pope like Purple People Eaters?

The Papist Plot

"There is an organization seeking to control the United States today that is more subversive to our basic American democratic way of life than all the Communist hordes . . . It is the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, [which] seeks to discredit and destroy other religious groups in the United States . . . and to establish fascism in America!"

This diatribe by Junior Lowell Kirby, 24, of Athens' University of Georgia, appeared in the final issue of the college paper, *The Red and Black*. It left Catholic students (275 in an enrollment of 5,500) hopping mad. Members of the Newman Club promptly consulted with Father Cronan F. Kelly, director of the Catholic student center, decided on a counterblast. The resulting document relaxed a tense situation and sent students home for vacation in high good humor:

"Catholic students! Attention! Emergency orders! 1) Reread all 'bulls' and 'encyclicals.' 2) Weapons will be issued at the Newman Arsenal, Catholic student center on Lumpkin Street. 3) Take captive only those who can be brainwashed; kill others. 4) Remember that these groups are our allies: (a) Communists, (b) Fascists, (c) Nazis, (d) Stoics, (e)



Culver Service

INFERNO

Does God's love light Hell's fires?

What difference is there between one broker and another?

They can both buy or sell virtually any security you name.

They both usually charge the same commission on any transaction.

So what's the difference?

That's a fair question—but a tough one for the individual investor to answer since it involves comparison of one broker with another on points like these:

- Differences in customer service
- Differences in physical facilities
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- Differences in fundamental policy.

It's not our place, obviously, to compare ourselves with any other broker. That's the investor's job.

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Purple People Eaters.* 5) There will be a pep rally at the covered bridge over the Oconee River at 1600 to crown the Pope, who will arrive by submarine at 1545. Marching from the river, the Pope's first stop will be the varsity, where he will dine and sign autographs . . .

The Healing Ministry

Winding up their eight-day meeting in Pittsburgh last week, the 1,200 delegates to the first General Assembly of the brand-new United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (TIME, June 9) heard these notable recommendations:

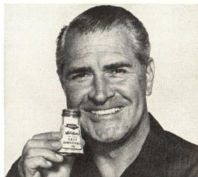
¶ From 2,000 to 2,500 additional ministers should be recruited by 1970, seminary capacity must be doubled, and \$25 million must be spent on new churches and seminaries within the next ten years.

¶ More proselyting energy should be expended on Jews. "We would remind our people," said a commission report, "since most Jews are such in name only, that in a spirit of true repentance for our own mistreatment of the Jew we should take seriously our responsibility for winning them to Christ, and . . . should be prepared to surround the converted Jew with the community of Christian love."

¶ The subject of faith healing should be carefully studied. A special committee (six clergymen, two theologians and five medical men) noted in a preliminary report that "there is the danger in the tense emotional atmosphere of large healing missions of a concentration on the individual healer rather than on God as the source of wholeness . . . Nevertheless, we believe that however many or grave the dangers in the practice of a ministry of healing, there is the greater danger of our limiting the power of God by our fear and timidity, and of our failing to fulfill our Lord's own concern for the well-being and harmony of the whole personality . . ."

Another plea for the healing ministry came from the annual meeting of the Church of Christ, Scientist in Boston last week. Notable agenda item: the trustees' report on the two Christian Science sanatoria in the U.S.—at Chestnut Hill, Mass. and in San Francisco. These establishments resemble hospitals except that patients go there to be healed by prayer and not by medicine. They also provide training for Christian Science nurses, who learn their techniques of prayer and care in three-year courses (regular registered nurses need only a one-year Christian Science course). Enrollments, according to the report, are "at the highest point in many years." Said Leonard Tillotson Carney, newly elected President of the Mother Church (he was converted to Christian Science from the Congregational Church when his infant son was healed by a practitioner): "It is yielding to materiality that blocks our progress."

* Referring to a "one-eyed, one-horned . . . pigeon-toed, underclothed" visitor from outer space, celebrated in a current rock 'n' roll hit. Asked his line, he replies: "Eatin' purple people, and it sure is fine."



ON A SALT-FREE DIET?

Start enjoying meals again by seasoning your food with Adolph's, the best-tasting salt substitute made. Adolph's looks and sprinkles like salt—retains its flavor in all cooking, baking and canning. Adolph's contains Mono-Potassium Glutamate, which accentuates the true flavor of all foods—makes them taste their natural best. Ask for Adolph's Salt Substitute at your grocer's. Adolph's Food Products Ltd., Burbank, Cal.



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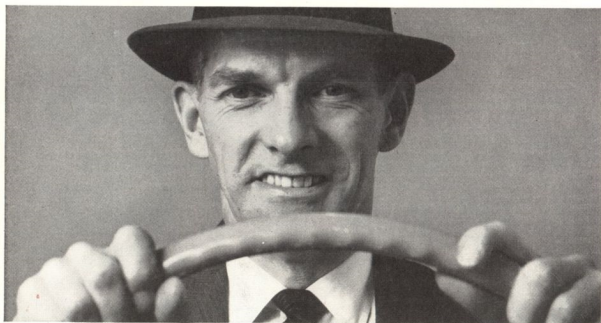
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You'll get it quicker if your postal zone number is on the order blanks, return envelopes, letterheads.

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to include zone number when writing to these cities; be sure to include *your* zone number in *your* return address—after the city, before the state.



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SPOIL YOUR DRIVING PLEASURE

Driving should be and can be a pleasure. But why let the fear of blowouts spoil this pleasure when you can get the best possible blowout protection: tough nylon cord tires.

With nylon cords you're safer at high speeds because nylon is better able to resist the blistering heat that

can build up inside your tires. Safer at every turn because nylon *gives* when you need give. Safer from moisture because nylon won't rot from water seeping in through cracks. Safer from impact damage because nylon is more shock-absorbent.

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Good shareholder relations result from many things—including accurate, prompt communications; understanding replies to inquiries; successful annual meetings. Our Corporate Agency people have earned a reputation for competence because they know the importance of the human side of their work—whether cooperating at annual meetings, handling stock subscriptions, exchanges or splits, tabulating proxies, or going to unusual lengths to deliver unclaimed dividend checks. Ask your local banker about our Corporate Trust services—or write to us at 16 Wall Street, New York 15, N. Y.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Reason for Optimism

Evidence of business improvement was apparent in many key areas of the economy last week:

The **steel industry** increased production for the sixth time in as many weeks, climbed to an average operating rate of 60.5%, the highest level this year. Part of the increase might be a hedge against a possible July price rise, and production may drop again when summer vacations start taking effect. Yet there was enough of a general pickup to convince many a steelman that he should fire up idle furnaces, rehire laid-off workers. While steel's 1958 recession has lasted for longer than

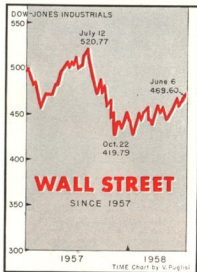
businessmen will probably continue to cut their inventories until the ratio finally gets back in line.

Unemployment showed its first more-than-seasonal decline since the recession began (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Said a top Administration economist: "As far as the current indicators are concerned, it is at least a flattening out. As far as the forward-looking indicators are concerned, there is evidence of improvement. I think they justify an optimistic outlook."

Market High

The stock market, which has been going up while business went down, last week hit a new high for 1958. Five days of heavy trading put stocks on the Dow-Jones industrial average up seven points to 469.60, the highest level since September and a good 50 points above the recession low set last October. Spurred on by the good steel news, U.S. Steel, Bethlehem and Republic rose. Lower gasoline stocks and the prospect of stiffer curbs shoved the depressed oils ahead. Even the troubled railroads, which have had precious little to toot about this year, built up some steam. With the possibility of favorable legislation, the Dow-Jones railroad average hit a new 1958 high at 117.45.

Wall Street's experts laid much of the reason for the jump to increased buying pressure from such big investors as mutual funds (which now hold some 4% of all shares on the New York Stock Exchange) and pension funds. Another major reason was that the analysts themselves were changing their gloomy tune and encouraging many a holdout bear to hurry into



the market for fear of missing it altogether. In the subtle psychological change, the weight of opinion was against any sharp break back to the recession lows. Instead, Wall Street's shrewd professionals speculated that the market would hang fairly close to the 450-460 level before edging higher.

What the experts are coming to realize is that there is still a tremendous amount of money around for investment. They are also growing aware of the fact that Wall Street's stock market, which took the bad news with considerable equanimity, is quick to rise on receipt of good news from U.S. business.

TIME CLOCK

FED DISCOUNT RATE will not be cut in immediate future despite flurry of rumors to contrary.

WORST UNION YEAR in recent times is shaping up, owing to labor scandals and recession. In NLRB organizing elections among U.S. workers since last July, only 58% voted for unionization, v. 63% in fiscal 1957 and 83% in fiscal 1950.

ALUMINUM MEN will push for protection against foreign competition, most likely through steeper tariffs, quotas, or export subsidies. Domestic producers complain that U.S. duty on aluminum pig and ingot will drop from 1.3¢ per lb. to 1.25¢ next month, while some foreign countries tax U.S. aluminum by 4¢ to 6¢.

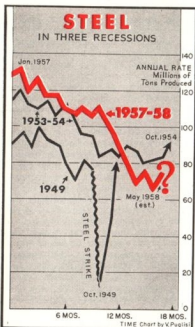
TEAPOT DOME OIL LANDS in Wyoming, where scandal over Government giveaway of leases blighted Harding Administration in 1920s, will be opened to private drilling. Navy is asking bids for drilling of eight wells,

will pay costs plus share of profits to driller and then sell the oil by competitive bidding.

GERMAN VOLKSWAGENS are in such demand (a six-month wait in some U.S. cities) that U.S. dealers have started to buy used cars in West Germany for premium prices, ship them to U.S., sell them for new-model price (about \$1,600).

AUTO PRICING BILL, passed by Senate to require carmakers to stick a "suggested" retail price on each car delivered (TIME, May 19), is being bucked belatedly by Justice Department. Trustbusters contend that bill might actually tend to fix prices, would not give buyer sufficient protection.

RED TRADE EMBARGOES will be greatly relaxed this summer. Because of pressure from French, British and Japanese, chances are that all items except war materials, certain strategic metals, machine tools and electronic equipment will be de-embargoed.



the drop in 1949 (see chart), it shows a close similarity to the slide in 1953-54.

Auto sales, which had poked along in May, showed a sudden 13% spurt in the last ten days and pushed the month's totals to 394,000 units, the best level of the year. With good weather helping sales, dealers managed to pare their inventories to 755,000 cars.

Construction showed a \$400 million gain to \$4.1 billion in May—and gave the Northwest's troublesome lumber industry real hope for better business. Though output is down 10% from last year, lumbermen talk encouragingly of a second-half push that might carry the industry 2% or 3% ahead of 1957.

Retail sales continued surprisingly strong. The Census Bureau estimated April sales at \$16.3 billion, and a level 2.5% over March. But the ratio of sales to inventories was still considerably higher than a year ago, which meant that



QUEEN NEFERTETE

Culver Service

MODERN LIVING

The Pink Jungle

(See Cover)

Cultivation comes first, the proper care of the body—

From the well-tended vine comes the most exquisite wine.

—Ovid, *The Art of Love*

With a clink of vials and a wafting of odors, the mysterious rite begins. It is 6:45 a.m., and her husband is still abed, but pretty Mrs. James Locke sits before a mirrored table in her three-room San Francisco apartment, her blonde hair covered by a filmy nylon cap. Over an array of multiscented bottles, sticks, jars and tubes, Jean Locke hovers like an alchemist. She cleans her skin of night cream, anoints it with icy water—and for one brief moment shows her true face. Then, slowly, comes the metamorphosis.

Over her face she spreads a foundation cream, creating a pale and expressionless mask. She caresses her cheeks with a liquid rouge, slowly adding color to her face, tops it off by gently patting on a flesh-colored powder. She shadows her eyes with turquoise, dabs a few drops of perfume behind her ears, at her elbows, temples and wrists. With a dark pencil she shapes her eyebrows to give an artful lift to her expression, brushes her lashes with a penlike wand to emphasize her blue eyes. Finally, 20 minutes later, she spreads on the finishing touch—an orange lipstick to match her fingernail polish. As Mrs. Locke's husband views the masterpiece she will wear to her job as secretary in an advertising office, he says: "Some day you ought to sign it, like Renoir or Picasso."

Honeyed Promises. In millions of homes across the U.S. last week, millions of women celebrated similar rites in greater or lesser degree, intent on enhancing nature's boon or correcting its defects. Never before in history has the pursuit of beauty, health and youth been so single-minded as it is in the U.S. today. Science has added more years to people's lives; U.S. women are determined to add more life to their years.

Spurring on the pursuit is the U.S. beauty industry, which has grown into a giant by preaching with burning evangelism a message every woman wants to hear: "You, too, can be beautiful." "There are no ugly women," say the ads for Manhattan's Diedre line, "only lazy ones." Says Steve Mayham of the Toilet Goods Association: "This is an industry of ideas and imagination, and what we are selling is hope."

The industry encourages hope by surrounding itself with the most enticing come-ons since Eve described the apple. It glamorizes its products with names suggestive of romance, adventure, passion: such foundation powders as Pond's Angel Face, Revlon's Love-Pat and Max Factor's Creme Puff; such lipsticks as Rubinstein's Red Hellion, Revlon's Fire and Ice, Helen Neushaefer's Torrid and Pink Passion; such creams as Max Factor's Cup of Youth and Helena Rubinstein's Tree of

Life. It lends mystic significance to a word such as moisturizing and nurtures a euphemistic cant in which reducing becomes slenderizing, dye becomes hair color, and diet becomes menu plan. Its slogans have entered the language: "She's lovely, she's engaged, she uses Pond's"; "The Skin You Love to Touch"; "Which Twin Has the Toni?"

With its irresistible combination of spur and promise, the U.S. beauty industry has made U.S. women the world's best groomed. "It is well known around the world," says British-born Anthropologist Ashley Montagu, "that American women are the most beautiful—and that they can make themselves even better than they are. The beauty industry is, socially, highly important and desirable. There is certainly a magic transformation performed on women who enter appearing like Mrs. Malaprop and leave as beautifully embellished as Madame Récamier reclining on her chaise longue."

No Recession. The beauty industry fears no recession, for a woman will give up food before her pursuit of beauty—and often because of it. The U.S. spent an estimated \$4 billion on beauty aids and services in 1957. Sales of toilet preparations—heart of the beauty business—amounted to \$1.4 billion in 1957, up 8.3% from the year before and almost double ten years ago. In 1958 the industry expects to have the best year in its history.

Beauty aids, once considered a luxury, are now a necessity—especially to the 20 million women who have jobs. Young girls now battle parents to wear cosmetics in grammar school, and women's magazines are full of frightening stories about older women who let themselves go—and wake up to find their husbands gone. "A woman who doesn't wear lipstick," says Max Factor, president of one of the top five U.S. cosmetics firms, "feels undressed in public. Unless she works on a farm." The result: 95% of all women over the age of twelve now use at least one of the products manufactured by the U.S. beauty industry.

Fickle Women. The fickleness of women is a fearsome fact that can make or break a firm. But the beauty business has turned it to advantage by bringing out new products in the twinkling of an eye. The home permanents (led by Toni) threatened to empty the beauty shops. The short, or poodle, haircut filled them up—and home-permanent sales slumped 29% last year. Hair coloring, hardly respectable a few years ago, has grown into a \$35 million do-it-yourself business and a \$200 million beauty parlor market; three women in ten now tint, rinse or bleach their hair.

The emphasis on speed and convenience has attracted millions of new customers. The oldtime mudpucks have been replaced by Pond's 37-second face cream; Mrs. Potter's walnut-juice stain, a turn-of-the-century hair dye, has given way to Roux's five-minute hair rinse. The squeeze bottle and the aerosol container have revolutionized the use of old products, led to new ones, e.g., hair spray, which has grown



THE GIBSON GIRL



Bettmann Archive

MADAME RÉCAMIER

In little bottles, eternal hope.



Jon Brenneis

SOCIALITES IN SAN FRANCISCO

Practicing witchcraft with pulverized pearls, extract of human placenta and single-minded purpose.

to an \$84 million business in only seven years.

To supply the old as well as the new, some 2,600 companies are directly engaged in the manufacture of cosmetics. Milwaukee's Kolmar Laboratories, the world's largest private-label manufacturer of cosmetics, produces 1,800 shades of lipstick, uses 20,000 different cosmetic formulas for the 385 U.S. firms it serves. There are 110,000 beauty salons, more than twice the number of drugstores. And more than 5 million Americans patronize some 750 reducing salons and thousands of health and massage clubs.

Fluids & Secrets. The industry is a sharply competitive world of calculated eccentricities in which only the books are always well balanced. It is a pink jungle of feuds and jealously guarded secrets in which people and ideas are pirated. The oldest feuders are two of the best-known names in cosmetics: Madame Helena Rubinstein and Elizabeth Arden (real name: Florence Nightingale Graham).

Helena Rubinstein started in Melbourne, Australia, in 1902 with a batch of homemade face cream from her native Poland, made \$1,000,000 before she was 25, and invaded the U.S. in 1915, billing herself "The World's Greatest Beauty Culturist." She is now worth at least \$100

million, collects paintings in her 26-room Park Avenue triplex, and has 14 portraits of herself by artists ranging from Dufy to Dali.

Elizabeth Arden studied to be a nurse, entered the cosmetics business because, she says, she wanted to make women beautiful as well as healthy. Before opening her own beauty salon in 1910, she spent an apprenticeship as secretary in a Fifth Avenue beauty shop. Today she grosses an estimated \$15 million yearly, owns a topflight racing stable (Maine Chance). The carefully preserved beauty queens are the best ads for their own products: Rubinstein is in her 80s, Arden in her 70s—and their exact ages are as jealously guarded as their cosmetic secrets. Says an aide: "We never talk to Miss Arden about the passage of time."

Some 74,000 women a year are soothed, massaged and coiffed in Madame Rubinstein's Manhattan salon, headquarters of her three-continent chain. A woman who wants to spend an entire day at the salon can spend up to \$120 for a series of treatments that would make a siren out of a Westchester matron. First, she is told to change into a black leotard, given paper slippers and a white robe to wear. Her medical history is solemnly taken ("Any operations? How many children?"). After

doing exercises in front of a mirror under direction of a Ph.D. from Vienna (\$12), she hops into a 30-minute bubble bath with froth 3 ft. high (\$5). Her skin is then defuzzed of superfluous hair by a wax treatment (\$26). She can have an infra-red treatment ("Detoxicates—very effective after a good drinking night") at \$10 or a paraffin application at \$15 to lose a pound or two. Then comes a facial, in which her face is coated with cream ("Voilà, I begin"), massaged ("Facial care begins at the collarbone") and sprayed with a salty liquid for "disturbed skin" (\$9). To top it off she goes to a treatment by Michel, who "sketches" the hairdo he thinks best for her, gives her a permanent, then fluffs, smooths and fusses her hair into place (\$35). The final touch: she can have artificial fingernails applied for \$17.50.

Elizabeth Arden has all this—and then some. She operates two remote Shangri-Las, also called Maine Chance, one in Maine and one near Phoenix, Ariz. (made more famous by Mamie Eisenhower's two-week stay last spring). At the Maine Chances, described by Elizabeth as "magic isles where cares and worries vanish," patrons not only get treatments for their face, figure and hair, but live an austere life that rules out fatty foods and liquor



Ben Martin

NURSES GRADUATING IN MANHATTAN



Shel Hershorn

DINERS IN DALLAS' NEIMAN-MARCUS

Trapping the male with juice of water lilies, pollen of orchids and food of queen bees.



Ben Martin

HORSE SHOW AUDIENCE AT DEVON, PA.



CHARLES REVSON



ELIZABETH ARDEN



HELENA RUBINSTEIN



Marjorie Holmes; Associated Press
ANTOINE

Surrounded by Love-Pat, Angel Face and Creme Puff, the "nastiest business in the world."

(if they are overweight), involves daily exercise and sports instruction. Cost: from \$400 to \$600 weekly, depending on accommodations.

Careful Guards. Both Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein abhor the other's ideas ("I don't go in for all that trash," says Miss Arden of one of her rival's favorite ingredients), but show a fondness for each other's personnel. Arden's raids on Rubinstein reached a climax in 1938, when she hired away Rubinstein's sales manager at a fancy salary. But Rubinstein struck back a year later by hiring as her vice president none other than Elizabeth Arden's ex-husband, Thomas J. Lewis, who had been general manager of Arden's wholesale empire. Presumably Elizabeth Arden's secrets went with him.

"I think this is the nastiest business in the world," says Elizabeth Arden.

"There are so many people in it, and they all just copy me." She is probably right—but there is nothing unusual about it. Each company carefully guards its new gimmicks and products, and a chemist from one firm having lunch with a chemist from another is sure to be suspect. But once a product is out, everyone grabs greedily for it. Bristol-Myers worked for nearly six years to research its Ban roll-on deodorant; after it appeared, it was copied by nearly a dozen firms.

Since it takes a hefty pot of gold to meet such competition, big companies are taking over what used to be an industry of small firms. The industry's biggest is Avon (1957 sales: a record \$100,370,695), which sells its products door to door with the help of some 100,000 representatives. But the liveliest is fast-growing Revlon, run by aggressive Charles Revson, 51. Revson founded his company in 1932, built it up to a \$95 million gross last year by advertising the elegance and glamorous names of his products, popularizing such ideas as matching lipstick and fingernail polish and a variety of shades. The undisputed sales genius of the industry, he colors it like a blob of his own fire-red nail polish, is as well known for chewing up admen and underlings as spitting out new ideas (TIME, Sept. 30). "I don't meet competition," he snaps, "I crush it." Says Elizabeth Arden: "I just don't like that man."

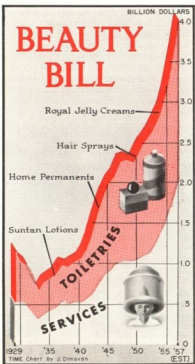
Artistic Disorder. While industry leaders set the fashions in products, fashions in women's grooming are set by a different, more remote breed. U.S. women wait anxiously on the decrees of such men as Antoine, aging (seventyish), wavy-haired dean of U.S. hair stylists, who has turned more heads than a nation of Casanovas. From his headquarters in Paris, Antoine lays down the law for the 48 Antoine salons that are part of Seligman & Latz, the nation's largest beauty chain (292 salons). He is responsible for the page boy, the pompadour, the Italian cut, the tousle and the bubble bob, has just decreed for fall a "tousled-up Madame Récamier" style (forehead fringe, slightly curled bouffant sides, and a high-rising back). Antoine's advice: "Try to achieve a look of artistic disorder."

To achieve artistic disorder—or the well-groomed look of order—the beauty-conscious woman spends half an hour daily making up at home, has a cabinet full of the latest beauty aids. Says a Montclair, N.J., insurance executive whose wife wears Wings on her forehead at night to smooth out wrinkles: "I kiss her good night, and I think I'm in bed with American Airlines." Playwright-Author Jean (*Please Don't Eat the Daisies*) Kerr wears so much cold cream at night that she says: "I go to bed like I'm going to swim the channel. My husband doesn't like it, but what's he going to do?"

Why do women chase the elusive dream of beauty with such frightening energy? The obvious answer—that they want to appear more attractive to men—is only part of the truth. Women insist that it is the psychological lift that makes cosmetics important in their lives. Says Mrs. Ruth Kay, a Cleveland housewife: "If I feel down, I take extra pains with make-up. When a woman feels she looks her best, she radiates a pleasant attitude and gives the entire family a lift. Without makeup she is self-conscious and won't put her best foot forward."

The Oldest Search. The search for youth and beauty is as old as woman herself. Thirteen centuries before Christ, when ancient Egypt's Queen Nefertete was the ideal of beauty, Egyptians placed cones of scented unguents on their heads to melt and thus perfume their faces. The Greeks used makeup and perfume, prized a fine appearance so highly that Athenian magistrates fined sloppy women. In Imperial Rome, women blackened their eyelids, whitened their skins with chalk or white lead, used animal fat and eggs of ants to treat their skin. Ovid scolded his mistress: "Did I not tell you to leave off dyeing your hair? Now you have no hair left to dye."

By the 18th century, cosmetics and perfumes had become so popular that the English Parliament passed a law declaring that any woman who "shall impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered



hips, shall incur the penalty against witchcraft, and the marriage . . . shall be null and void."

U.S. women in the nation's early days used powdered chalk and fresh-cut beet juice for beauty, but the onset of the Victorian age made "paint and powder" the hallmark of the dance-hall girl or the woman of the street. The Gibson girl, created by Artist Charles Dana Gibson, was the modest and aloof dream girl of U.S. males in the early years of the century. It was not until World War I that makeup crawled back to respectability, and not until the Roaring Twenties that it dared to flaunt its painted face—under a permanent wave, invented in Switzerland by Charles Nessler. This wonderful electric gadget brought hope that every head could be curly—though many a hair curled at the early cost: \$200. (In 1938 San Francisco's Willat company introduced the cold wave, which gradually made the machine permanent obsolete.)

Though the Depression cut into the beauty business, it eventually proved a boon by getting more women out to work, making them more conscious of their appearance. In World War II Washington politicians foolishly talked of abolishing the beauty industry for the duration to save materials. But wiser heads prevailed. (When Hitler banned makeup, the women of Germany simply refused to work.) The industry put its lipsticks in cardboard containers, found substitutes for strategic materials. One substitute: a cream type of hair tonic that is outselling the older oil type today. By war's end, sales of cosmetics had increased 53%.

Beauty in the Supermarkets. Postwar, Revlon's Charlie Revson sparked a significant change for the beauty industry when he bought *The \$64,000 Question*. Revlon's sales jumped 54% in the program's first year, and others hustled to take to the air. To recoup the high cost of TV advertising quickly, firms had to tout specific products instead of whole lines, moved more and more products out of drug and department stores and into the mass-selling supermarkets. Today, more than one-fifth of the toilet prepara-



ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MAINE CHANCE NEAR PHOENIX
Then there's a couch that rides like a horse.

Leonard McCombe—Life

tions are sold in food stores. The industry sees no reason why it cannot use similar techniques to tap the new mass market of men's cosmetics (deodorants, hair tonics, etc.). So far, men have been reluctant to shop for their own toiletries, but the industry hopes to spur them to buy more avidly.

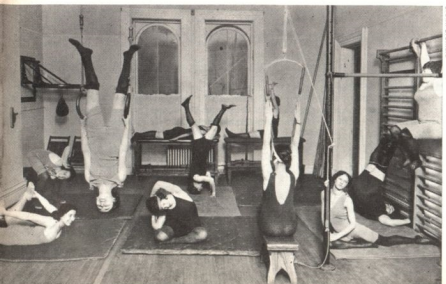
The industry confesses to a bigger failure. It can find no way to get U.S. women to buy more perfume. Partly because of its advertising, the industry has given many women the idea that perfume 1) is a precious commodity to be used sparingly, and 2) may provoke a passionate male onslaught before the evening has even begun. On their own, many U.S. women seem to think that perfume is out of step with the clean, sporty American look. Though makers sold \$110 million worth of fragrance products last year (top three perfumes: Arpège, Chanel No. 5, My Sin), the perfume market has barely expanded in the last ten years. "Perfume is a woman's secret weapon," says Jean Després, executive vice president of Coty,

Inc. "But we don't know how to tell her." Proof of Després's statement is the fact that Coty, once the perfume industry's leader, lost \$1,071,608 last year.

Lilies & Placenta. But the beauty industry is far more interested in finding new products than rescuing old ones, is moving more and more into research. Revlon has more than 70 chemists on its staff, and about half its current sales are from products introduced since 1950, e.g., high-gloss lipstick, Top Brass hair dressing for men and hair sprays, Charlie Revson, who proclaims that "research is a deep religion with me," likes to don a white coat and take a turn at the retorts. On the average, a product takes from a year and a half to two years from conception to store shelves. Bringing out a simple item like a new lipstick costs from \$200,000 to \$400,000 for such necessities as experimenting to get the exact color, market testing, replacing old advertising and color cards.

Since few firms have unique products, they often try to outdo each other in boastful bragging about what they do have. Helena Rubinstein, who styles herself the "First Lady of Beauty Science," claims that her Tree of Life cream contains extract of human placenta "from nature's storehouse of nutrients for the unborn baby." To supply juice of water lilies for some of her other products, she keeps convents of nuns in London and Paris busy growing lilies. A year ago Lilly Daché introduced a finishing powder "which actually contains pulverized pearls," claimed that it made the skin glow, the eyes sparkle.

Few items have given rise to such extravagant claims as royal jelly, the creamy substance produced by nurse bees to nourish the long-lived queen bee in the hive. When it came out, women swarmed around the beauty counters, attracted by



Brian Balthus

NEW YORK GYM IN 1910
Now they can vibrate at home.

ads that called royal jelly "the secret of eternal youth." More than a dozen cosmetic houses rushed to put it in high-priced creams, soaps, even lipsticks. (France's house of Orlane, reasoning that the bees got their jelly from flowers, went one better and put on the U.S. market a cream "created from the precious pollen of the orchid.")

But those who bought royal jelly had a right to feel stung. Reported the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau newsletter: "There is little evidence to support any significant therapeutic, cosmetic or nutritional value in the product for humans." Says Maison G. DeNavarre, chief chemist of Michigan's Beauty Counselors, Inc.: "Royal Queen jelly is not even for the birds. It is for the bees. It is a fad and does nothing for the skin."

To control the industry's enthusiasm for extravagant claims and keep a watch out for harmful ingredients, both the Federal Trade Commission and the Food and Drug Administration occasionally have to step in. FTC allows harmless puffs—"ours is best"—draws the line at "youth-reviving creams" and at any inference that cells can be reborn by potions. Not only are claims sometimes false, but products downright harmful. The FDA recently ordered Ten-Day Press-On Nail Polish off the market in several states after 700 women complained that it made their nails split and break.

6c Lipstick. The saga of royal jelly is a striking example of one of the most significant aspects of the whole beauty business—one that puzzles many a woman, irritates many a husband. Says Mel Finkelstein, president of the House of Westmore: "In this business, price is not consistent with cost." When it first came out, royal jelly cream sold for \$15 an ounce despite the fact that an ounce contained only about 150 milligrams of jelly, worth about 17¢; today a woman can still buy creams containing royal jelly in some stores for \$15 an ounce, but she can also buy them elsewhere for \$1. Similarly, the cost of making the average lipstick is only 4¢-6¢, and the difference in manufacturing costs between a lipstick bought on Fifth Avenue or at Woolworth's is only about 1¢ or 2¢.

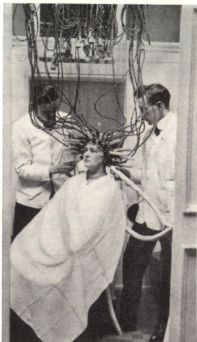
Most of the difference between the cost and the wholesale price goes into packaging and advertising—which often cost more than the product itself. For the top companies, profits are fat; Revlon made a 9.4% profit on its gross after taxes, more than leaders in many another industry. Said a Denver manufacturer, who admits to a 900% markup on certain products: "A cheap line wouldn't do well. Women wouldn't be caught dead telling their friends they bought cheap cosmetics."

Turtle & Shark Oil. High prices and exotic ingredients are unfailling lures. Tomatoes and Italian parsley are used in some creams. Ella Bache puts out a cream that is 80% seaweed. Estée Lauder boasts in newspaper ads that its Re-Nutriv, which contains turtle and shark oil, royal jelly, silicone, Leichol and 20 other in-

gredients, is "the most expensive facial preparation in the world." Cost: \$115 for 16 ounces.

Yet, some industry leaders themselves admit that there is little any cosmetic can actually do to help the top layer of the skin, almost twice the thickness of onion-skin paper. Says one beautician: "The best cosmetic is soap and water."

Inner Beauty. To their credit, more and more women are realizing that beauty is more than skin deep. They want healthy, well-formed bodies and new personalities to go with their made-up faces. Thus the growth of the cosmetics industry is being matched by the growth of



reducing salons, gyms and their fellow travelers, the charm schools.

A front runner in the race to slim the shapeless is Slenderella, with 187 salons across the nation. Founded in 1950 by a hustling Missourian, Larry Mack, it has succeeded in making reducing seem glamorous and effortless with slick promotion and plush salons, last year put 300,000 customers through their paces. In a private-treatment booth, the hopeful Slenderella customer takes off her shoes and girdle, and lies down upon a flat leather couch. She gets a free supply of mint-flavored vitamin wafers. While dreamy music murmurs in the background, the couch begins to massage her gently, taking up each bulging part as she moves her shoulders and hips over the table's vibrating platform. Suddenly she takes off! The machine changes pace, shakes her vigorously for several minutes in a horseback-like rhythm known in the trade as "the Seabiscuit." She dismounts a happier woman. Slenderella claims that 40

minutes on the table, at \$2, is the equivalent of a ten-mile horseback ride. The Stauffer System, a top Slenderella rival that claims to serve nearly a million patrons a year in its 250 salons, says that a similar treatment on its couches equals nine holes of golf.

"It's very slick," says a West Coast housewife who has made the rounds of the reducing salons. "They measure you at once. They make you feel like a horse—and you usually are." Even if you are not, some salons know well how to show a customer just how much she has lost. When she enrolls, measurements are taken with the tape loose; when she finishes a course, measurements are taken with the tape tight.

For both men and women, countless gyms have also sprung up offering more active exercise. The biggest, American Health Studios Inc. (278 studios), has attracted 4,500,000 Americans, is expanding at the rate of 15 studios a month. Its Silhouette salons guarantee women (now 60% of its total business) the loss of 15 lbs. in two months if they are overweight, the addition of two inches to the bust if they are undersized.

The slenderizing craze has gone far beyond the salon walls. The makers of Relax-A-cizer, a small black vibrating case bristling with pink dials, belts and other gadgets, claim to have placed their product in 200,000 homes since 1949, at \$200 a throw. "It feels," said one man who tried it, "like a slight case of electrocution." A handful of firms also turn out vibrating furniture that promises to help blood circulation, relax tired muscles, and keep weight down. Says Bert Goodrich of American Health Studios: "If this fantastic trend toward healthier and better physique continues, we're going to turn into a race of supermen."

Treat & Beautify. Whatever form the race for beauty and health takes, its tempo is sure to speed up. As medical science enables more people to live longer—and feel younger—they will also want to look younger. Enormous demand will have to be met for special cosmetics for the aged, the allergic and the young with bad skin, safe and odorless depilatories and permanents, a hair spray that will give a natural curl out of an aerosol can.

Already the biggest trend in beauty is toward more scientific cosmetics to meet such needs. For years, says Beauty Counselors' De Navarre, "the industry was lying like hell" about its products. With scientific advances, says Kolmar Chairman Lessing L. Kole, "the adman's rather fanciful copy will have to be proved." But most women will not really care. Since they are buying hope, disappointment does not endure. There is always another counter—and a new wonder cream. Says redoubtable Author Kerr: "I know perfectly well that these creams I buy for \$8 cost 3¢ to make. But I must have them. I know that they're not really made from whale sperm or the tips of elderly roses. But I'm the type who buys everything. You can't just sit back and wither. You've got to take steps."

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June 5, 1958.

MILESTONES

Born. To Dorothy Collins (real name: Marjorie Chandler), 31, Canadian-born singer, longtime (1950-57) *Be Happy, Go Lucky* girl of TV's *Your Hit Parade*, and Bandleader Raymond Scott (real name: Harry Warnow), 47; their second child, second daughter; in Manhasset, N.Y. Name: Elizabeth. Weight: 8 lbs. 6 oz.

Married. Nélida ("Nelly") Rivas, 19, onetime (1954-55) teen-age doxy of Argentina's Dictator Juan Perón; and Carlos José Ramil, 24, an accountant employed by the U.S. embassy; in Buenos Aires.

Married. Nightclub Singer-Comedienne Dorothy ("The Park Avenue Hill-billy") Shay (real name: Dorothy Sims), 35; and Richard C. Looman, 38, West Coast P.R. man for Chrysler Corp.; she for the first time, he for the second; in Brentwood, Calif.

Married. Richard Egan, 36, cinemactor (*The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*); and TV and Cinemactress Patricia (Girls in the Night) Hardy, 26; both for the first time; in San Francisco.

Married. John Hersey, 43, author (*A Bell for Adano*, *Hiroshima*, *The Wall*), campaign speech writer for Adlai Stevenson, World War II TIME-LIFE foreign correspondent; and Mrs. Barbara Day Addams Kaufman, 37, first wife of *The New Yorker's* Cartoonist Charles (*Monster Rally*, *Home Bodies*) Addams; he for the second time, she for the third; in Fairfield, Conn.

Died. The Rev. John Edward Duffy, 58, much-decorated World War II Roman Catholic chaplain under General Jonathan Wainwright in the Philippines, survivor of the Bataan Death March, although he was bayoneted and left to die; of cancer; in San Francisco.

Died. Harry McElhone, 67, elfin proprietor of Harry's New York Bar, 5 Rue Daunou, Paris; of heart disease; in Garches, France. "Just tell the taxi driver Sank Roo Doe Noo," said Harry, and multitudes of parched, unilingual Americans followed his directions. Taken to fame in the '20s by a quaff society that included Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, Harry's was the cradle of the International Bar Flies, a loosely knit organization ring-led by the late Colum-nist O. O. (for Oscar Odd) McIntyre.

Died. Sir Louis Sterling, 79, longtime ruler of the British Electric & Musical Industries combine, millionaire philanthropist who was born on Manhattan's Lower East Side, was knighted by King George VI in 1937; in London.

Died. Maude Nugent Jerome, 85, composer in her early 20s of *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*; in Manhattan.

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THE WORLD OVER

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1500-mile missile will be fired underwater from sub

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

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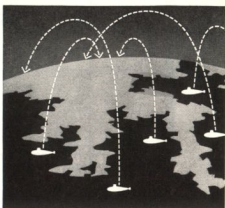
Launching a missile at a distant target from a maneuvering atomic sub presents extraordinary navigation problems. Location of the sub must be known precisely.

To provide exact navigation data, Sperry is developing for the Navy advanced electronic and gyroscopic systems that will stabilize the sub, continuously establish its precise position and true speed, and feed target data automatically into the missile's guidance system.

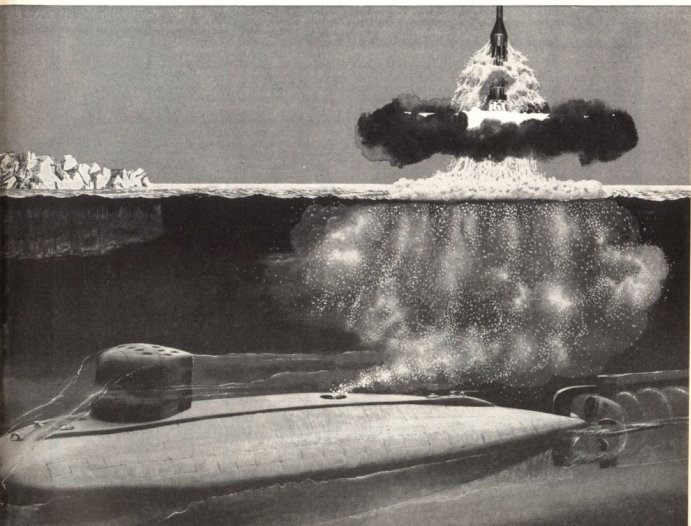
Sperry's efforts, joined with those of the missile system manager—Lockheed—and other companies involved, will make Polaris one of the most powerful deterrents in America's strategic defense arsenal.

SPERRY *GYROSCOPE COMPANY*
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ATOMIC SUBS, guided to exact launching position by Sperry navigation system, launch Polaris missiles from remote areas. Ship's Inertial Navigation System (SINS) requires no contact with shore stations to establish sub's position, speed, course, and true North.



STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE of Polaris is seen in this symbolic map showing possible launching sites. Every major body of water on earth is potential site for Polaris. 1500-mile range covers most of world's land area.



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Henry A. W. Smith
President

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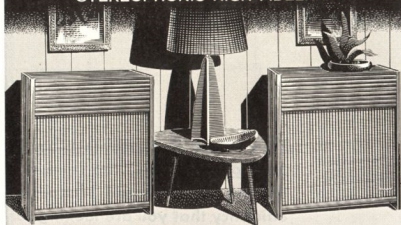
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CINEMA

Box Office

The top ten moneymakers last month, according to *Variety*:

- 1) *South Pacific* (Magna Releasing Corp. and 20th Century-Fox)
- 2) *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (Sam Spiegel; Columbia)
- 3) *The Young Lions* (20th Century-Fox)
- 4) *Marjorie Morningstar* (Warner)
- 5) *Search for Paradise* (Stanley Warner; Cinerama Corp.)
- 6) *Around the World in 80 Days* (Todd; United Artists)
- 7) *The Long, Hot Summer* (20th Century-Fox)
- 8) *Teacher's Pet* (Perlberg-Seaton; Paramount)
- 9) *Paris Holiday* (Tolda; United Artists)
- 10) *Another Time, Another Place* (Lantern Productions; Paramount)

Catharsis

Brooding over so-called horror movies and their influence on adolescents, *Variety* pointed out, in its most scholarly diction, that many psychiatrists disagree with "that element of the public which ascribes juve delinquency to crime pix and the harmful effect of horror pix on the young mind." Among the dissenters: Dr. Martin Grotjahn, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, who thinks that *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *Blood of Dracula*, etc. provide a means of "self-administered psychiatric therapy for America's adolescents." His cathartic argument: "Certain childhood anxieties never die. Fear of ghosts, fear of witches, fear of the dark, the sinister and the mysteriously terrible—these stay with the adolescent. There are three ways to overcome them: psychoanalysis, nightmares, and terror movies, [in which] old childhood anxieties are activated, given life and a form of objective reality on the screen, and then dispelled."

The New Pictures

The Proud Rebel (Samuel Goldwyn Jr.; Buena Vista) is a sheep-country western that offers the customers little more than the chance to count sheep—with the predictable result that the picture is a 103-minute snore. The heroes are a Confederate veteran and his ailing son (played by Alan Ladd and his winsome, talented eleven-year-old son David). The boy saw his mother killed by Sherman's troops and was literally struck dumb at the sight. He and his father are wandering northward through what the script calls Illinois—actually a spectacular piece of Utah scenery—looking for a doctor who can restore the boy's speech, when they run into a not-too-old maid (Olivia de Havilland) who has the right prescription: love.

Unfortunately, Olivia's pill is so heavily sugared that grownups may find it

hard to swallow. Actress de Havilland, who is seldom seen on the screen these days, is still the same fine-looking woman—a condition the studio attributes to “marital happiness and yoga exercises.” Unhappily, she is also the same mistress of sentimental overstatement. She never misses a chance to press her heart and



DE HAVILLAND & LADD
At last, a contribution from father.

roll her eyes, but she could not be bothered to learn the proper way to blow out a kerosene lamp.* As for Actor Ladd, after 17 years and 40 starring roles, he has at last been able to make a significant contribution to the screen: his son.

Vertigo (Hitchcock; Paramount), Hollywood's best-known butterball, Alfred Hitchcock, has been spread pretty thin in recent years. The old master, now a slave to television, has turned out another Hitchcock-and-bull story in which the mystery is not so much who done it as who cares.

Worked up from a novel by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, the French team that wrote *Diabolique* and *Dementia*, this picture tells what happens to a victim of vertigo (James Stewart) when he meets a dizzy blonde (Kim Novak). When she goes round in circles, he goes round in circles too—until he falls. Jimmy is cast as a gumshoe who has drawn the enviable assignment of keeping a private eye on Kim. The lady's husband (Tom Helmore) is afraid that his bride, in the grip of a suicidal depression, may head for the deep six, and one day she literally does take a leap into San Francisco Bay. Detective Stewart saves her from the drink and takes her home for coffee—with sugar. Soon he is crazy about the girl, but the girl is apparently just plain crazy. One day she

* Turn the flame low before blowing—to preserve the wick and keep the chimney clean.

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NOVAK & STEWART IN "VERTIGO"
Not who done it, but who cares.

eludes him and jumps to her death from the nearest steeple.

Or does she? If she does, then who is that redhead Stewart sees on the street about six months later? Surely only Kim could look so beatifically bovine. Surely, by this time, the question is of little interest, particularly after a half-hour or so of psychiatric disquisition that interrupts the plot and suspends the suspense. Still, Actor Stewart is a fascinating old pro, and in this picture Actress Novak hits a new high in her cinema career. As Director Hitchcock expressed it: "She doesn't ruin the story."

CURRENT & CHOICE

This Angry Age. A strong but uneven picture, derived from *The Sea Wall*, a memorable novel about French pioneers in Indo-China; with Anthony Perkins and Jo Van Fleet (TIME, June 9).

Gigi. Colette's slender novelette, larded up with production values and brought forth as a big fat musical; but the show is saved by Cecil Beaton's fruitfully *fin de siècle* sets and costumes—a cinemuseum of exquisite eyesores (TIME, May 19).

Rouge et Noir. The edge of Stendhal's satire dulled by sentiment, but all the same a good movie from a great novel; with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Antonella Luaidi (TIME, May 5).

The Young Lions. Irwin Shaw's best-seller about World War II, clarified by an intelligent script and two gifted actors, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift (TIME, April 14).

Stage Struck. Local girl making good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Winner of seven Academy Awards as 1957's best picture by the year's best director (David Lean) with the year's best actor (Alec Guinness)—a magnificent war story (TIME, Dec. 23).



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Travelers' Return

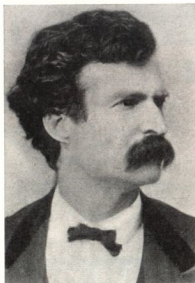
TRAVELING WITH THE INNOCENTS ABROAD (324 pp.)—Mark Twain—Edited by Daniel Morley McKeithan—University of Oklahoma (\$5).

THE ART OF TRAVEL (567 pp.)—Henry James—Edited by Morton Dauwen Zabel—Doubleday (\$5.50).

All tourists are snobs of sorts, chiefly two: newness snobs and oldness snobs. Two well-traveled 19th century U.S. writing men, Mark Twain and Henry James, stand like archsentinels at these two poles. Twain, the apostle of modernity, prized Italian railroads "more than Italy's hundred galleries of priceless art treasures." Antiquarian Henry James found the restoration of Venice's St. Mark's "crude" and "monstrous," even though the basilica might otherwise have crumbled about the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco.* This conflict adds a flip to two thoroughly engaging travel books that should please the chairborne as well as the air-borne tourist.

Traveling with the Innocents Abroad is actually a highly unscrubbed first draft of Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*, the most popular travel book ever written by an American. As special correspondent for San Francisco's *Daily Alta California*, the 31-year-old Twain was dispatched on "The Grand Holy Land Pleasure Excursion" of 1867. The excursionists were a subsidized group of about 75, "chiefly composed of rusty old bachelors," bound first for Europe and then the Holy Land. Twain's task was to write dispatches on the pilgrims' progress. This is the first time "those wretched slangy letters," as he called them, have been put into book form.

* As the entire Campanile died in 1902, to be rebuilt between 1905 and 1911.



TOURIST TWAIN
The camera eye condemned.

Culver Service

Mockery & Ecstasy. Young Twain permitted himself a coarse though spirited mixture of cornball humor, village atheist mockery, and a mulishly provincial contempt for most people and things foreign. The Portuguese were "lazy louts," the Neapolitans were "a bad lot," the Greeks were "a community of thieves," Jews were "greasy," Italians groped "in the midnight of priestly superstition," and Arabs "carried passengers in their hair." Beneath the invective lurked a cultural inferiority complex and a desperate anxiety not to be taken in. Twain regarded religious relics and purported miracles as "frauds" and "swindles": "I find a piece of the true cross in every old church I go into, and some of the nails that held it together." The Sea of Galilee was "this puddle," and no match for Lake Tahoe. Of the Hellespont, Twain wrote: "I don't think much of Leander, now, who swam the Hellespont to see his squaw . . . I could swim that creek with all my property on my back."

Despite his debunking Missouri skepticism, Twain let himself be thrilled, too. He went as gaga as a vacationing schoolmarm before the beauties of Versailles ("an exquisite dream"), the cathedral in Milan ("The princeliest creation that ever brain of man conceived") and the Acropolis by moonlight ("All the beauty in all the world combined could not rival it"). As if half-ashamed of such ecstatic outbursts, he lapsed into heavy-handed gags about "Mike" Angelo and the tomb of Lazarus ("I had rather live in it than in any house in the town"). Even in such jests Twain foreshadowed an emergent American who, while he had not yet come of age, was prepared to take over the age and judge all cultures by his own.

Mind's Eye. If Twain the patriot was a cultural absolutist, Henry James the expatriate was a cultural relativist, full, as he put it, of "the baleful spirit of the cosmopolite—that uncomfortable consequence of seeing many lands and feeling at home in none." The virtue of that defect, as James saw it, was tolerance. Compared to Twain's polemic, *The Art of Travel*, Critic Morton Dauwen Zabel's splendidly edited sampling of James's travel pieces on England, France, Italy and the U.S., is sunny-tempered and severely self-controlled.

The mind's eye of James condoned what the camera eye of Twain condemned. Where Twain saw mere dirt, James saw the patina of centuries-old civilizations. Where Twain saw superstition and ignorance, James saw piety and a sense of the past. Standing within the basilica of St. Mark's, James spoke of its mosaic pavement as "dark, rich, cracked, uneven, spotted with porphyry and time-blackened malachite, polished by the knees of innumerable worshippers." Standing in the same spot, Twain observed: "Everything was worn out—every block of stone was smooth and almost shapeless with the polishing hands and shoulders of loungers who devoutly idled here in bygone centuries."



Bettmann Archive

TOURIST JAMES
The mind's eye condoned.

Love-Affair. If Twain suffered from a certain crudity of sensibility, James's defect was overrefinement. His pinnacles of taste sometimes seem like parodies of it. In one such solemn-silly moment, James gravely agreed with a British friend that a certain garden at Cambridge University was "the most beautiful small garden in Europe." James loved the undistinguished quick rather less than the illustrious dead; nowhere in his travel accounts was there a jot of sympathetic indignation about the plight of Europe's poor and humble; Twain's letters are aflame with it.

But few have written more feelingly than James of how one falls in love with a place. Writing again of Venice, his favorite city, James rose above the snobbery of things old or new to capture the wonder of all moving travel experiences: "[Venice] varies like a nervous woman, whom you know only when you know all the aspects of her beauty. She has high spirits or low, she is pale or red, grey or pink, cold or warm, fresh or wan, according to the weather or the hour . . . The place seems to personify itself, to become human and sentient and conscious of your affection. You desire to embrace it, to caress it, to possess it; and finally a soft sense of possession grows up and your visit becomes a perpetual love-affair."

Heelmarks

THE ENEMY CAMP (561 pp.)—Jerome Weidman—Random House (\$4.95).

In this embattled novel, the enemy is the gentle world, and its hostile club is made up of all the hotels, clubs, schools and residential areas that Jews find "restricted." To Jewish George Hurst, raised on the lower East Side by pathologically fearful Aunt Tessie, the goyim are a barbarous yet crafty race who corrupt whatever they touch. His best friend, Danny Schorr, begins palling around with gentiles and soon he has got into trouble with the police, changed his name to Shaw and become the most triple-dyed

villain since *East Lynne*. And one of his schoolmates, pretty Dora Dienst, listens to the siren song with the seemingly inevitable result: she becomes a boozy prostitute and a monument of perfidy.

With these ghastly examples before him, Hero Hurst is naturally nervous when he goes out on his first date with a gentle girl and is only partly reassured to discover "how little difference there was between the feel of a Jewish girl's thigh and that of a *shicksch*." He capitulates completely in his next encounter with a *shicksch*, marries her, fathers two sons and moves to a broad-minded suburb to live in the material bliss that is the reward of the truly assimilated. But the past will not down. A great deal of complicated, coincidental plotting brings back Dora Dienst, villainous Danny and a conspiratorial political boss for a tumultuous weekend that Hero George appears to believe can destroy his tidy life.

Author Weidman, best remembered for his acidulous portrait of a diamond-sharp Jewish businessman in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, can still stamp the imprint of a heel on the printed page better than anyone else. But, though he knows his way around the jungle of a conniving city, he gets swiftly lost in the desert of the human soul. George Hurst's redemption is so pat and implausible, the world he aspires to so trivially empty, that readers may wish that Weidman's heels had no need to become heroes.

Battle Odyssey

THE MARCH UP COUNTRY: XENOPHON'S ANABASIS (205 pp.)—Translated by W.H.D. Rouse—University of Michigan (\$3.95).

More than 2,000 years ago, in a campaign against King Artaxerxes II, a force of Greek troops was trapped deep in the Persian Empire. Surrounded by hostile armies, the Greeks had no hope of reinforcement and no allies, were separated from home by broad rivers, towering mountain ranges, snow-covered plateaus.

The story of how 10,000 Greeks fled the trap is told in a third-person narrative by the man who led them out of the trap: Xenophon, a 30-year-old Athenian, who was a friend of Socrates and the world's first war correspondent; he accompanied the expedition as a curious observer, not a soldier. This modern translation by the late Professor William H. D. Rouse (the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*) marks another important addition to the ancient classics that are being turned into briskly readable, contemporary English by such able writers as Robert Graves (*The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, *Lucan's Pharsalia*), Rolfe Humphries (*Ovid's Metamorphoses*), Moses Hadas (*An Ethiopian Romance* by Heliodorus), Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald (*Sophocles' Theban plays*), Stanley Alexander Handford (*Caesar's Gallic Wars*).

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changed little: a Greek foot-slogger grumbles that "I'm tired out packing up and marching and doubling and carrying arms and falling in and keeping guard and fighting. I want a little rest." Xenophon describes a rough-and-ready means of getting stubborn prisoners to talk: kill one in front of the other to loosen the survivor's tongue.

The Greeks moved deep into the Persian Empire (see map) when Cyrus, the Persian governor of Asia Minor, hired 12,900 of them to help overthrow his brother, King Artaxerxes. They clashed with the Persian forces at Cunaxa, near ancient Babylon. After Cyrus was killed by a javelin, his native troops fled the field, leaving the Greeks surrounded. To make matters worse, the Persians slew the Greek commanders by treachery.

ing in front; for some were following behind them from the burning countryside . . . But when the shouts grew louder and nearer, as each group came up it went pelting along to the shouting men in front, and the shouting was louder and louder as the crowds increased. Xenophon mounted his horse, and took Lycios with his horsemen, and galloped to bring help. Soon they heard the soldiers shouting 'Sea! Sea!' and passing the word along . . . When they all reached the summit then they embraced each other, captains and officers and all, with tears running down their cheeks."

They had reached the coast of the Black Sea. The long battle odyssey of some 1,500 miles was over, for here were Greek cities, and here should have been an end of fighting. But the end of fight-

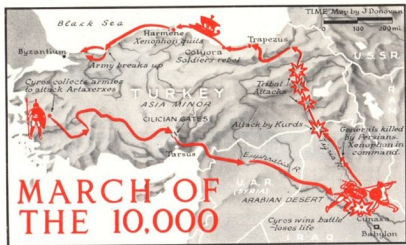
O'Connor was definitely his mother's son, but, Mother being what she was, he may not have been his father's. That, at least, is his own account. Critical Britons attributed Mother's dark skin, social gaucheries and infantile giggle to the fact that her grandmother was Burmese. Father was "descended from the last High King of Ireland" and expressed his royalty in the form of detestation of "gaufin occupation." As Father soon disappeared, Mother was forced to live by her wits—which she did in a London cellar with an "uncle," known as "Jacko" or "Poor Old Bobby Bingo."

Messiah & Wolf. So precarious was Mother's way of life that young O'Connor once spent two years near Boulogne with a French family before Mother was able to raise the money to fetch him back. A few years later he was handed over permanently to a guardian—an atheist who wanted "something, as we say, to 'lavish his love upon.'" O'Connor embraced "bohemianism, surrealism and D. H. Lawrence." Between a weakness for Communism, a yen for "snatches of Nietzsche," and the desire to be both "a Messiah" and a wolf, he turned into a fantastic "actor" who studied his various faces in the mirror and chose the one he would wear as carefully as a dandy choosing a suit.

He soon wore "red trousers and bobbed hair," wrote surrealist poems that he knew were nonsensical ("one funny one went through three anthologies"), graduated to a mental hospital where he was classed as "schizophrenic." For a while he lived with a Scotch-Greek girl of 17, who took baths "with an old man for ten shillings, and bought [our] food."

Rubber-Walled Cell. Later a wealthy woman called "L" became O'Connor's mistress and patroness, bought him erector sets, clockwork trains, motorcars, liquor, and phonograph records ("Tchaikovsky for . . . relishing misery . . . Stravinsky for hangovers"). All the while, she "walked by my side, never-ceasing in her disciple's adoration." But by the time the two of them had spent all "L's" capital, she had reached the stage where she "complained of Indians staring at her" and attacked O'Connor with chopper, razor blades and cutlery. Soon, "L" was tucked away "in a rubber-walled cell." O'Connor came to the brink of the same fate. "Through lack of a normal sex-life . . . and through druggs, delusions set in . . ." A couple of years later, "I phoned a psychiatrist: 'Shall I, I said, 'hold on, or come to you?' He said: 'Hold on; which I did.' Slowly, 'I . . . began to feel my way to health—a kind of."

But what is health? Author O'Connor finds it readymade for him to put on in the wise words of Montaigne: "The grandeur of the soul does not consist in flying high, but in walking orderly; its grandeur does not exercise in grandeur, but in mediocrity." If O'Connor had held to this maxim as stoutly in his prose (which is often sheer gibberish) as he has in taking the "road to conformity," *Public Baby* would have been easier to take as a memorial to an ill-spent life.



Then the long march began. Xenophon rallied the panic-stricken Hellenes, got them to elect five new leaders—himself included—and fight their way to the sea. The heavily armed Greeks moved laboriously across the plain, while clouds of Persian cavalry showered them with arrows. The only way out was to turn north into the mountains of Kurdistan, whose warlike inhabitants had just chopped to pieces a Persian army of 112,000 men. In seven days of ceaseless fighting with the Kurds, the Greeks suffered more than in all their battles with the Persians.

Fifteen Hundred Miles. After the Kurds came the Taochians, bitter-end tribesmen who, when one of their forts was stormed, committed mass suicide. Next were the Chalybeans, the "stoutest men" the Greeks had yet faced, who fought them hand to hand and, when they killed a Greek, cut off his head and "sang and danced," waving it in front of the survivors. Armenia was an agony, a land filled with blizzards. Men "who had been blinded by the snow or lost their toes by frostbite" had to be left behind.

In one of Xenophon's most moving passages, as the exhausted troops climb slowly up one more mountain, there suddenly rises from the front rank a tremendous cry. "Xenophon, hearing this, thought that more enemies were attack-

ing brought the beginning of distrust. The soldiers turned against each other. Xenophon had to use all his oratorical skill to keep them from stoning him to death because the troops suspected he planned to use them to found a city instead of taking them home. The glorious march up country ends on this pitiful note of bickering and betrayal. Scarcely half the Greeks who had started to overthrow Persia survived, and they were all much poorer than when they began. Only the world was richer by Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

The Cad's Cad

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLIC BABY (232 pp.)—Philip O'Connor—British Book Centre (\$4).

Greeted in Britain by the brassiest of literary fanfares, this volume by a minor English poet performs the complicated parlor trick of 1) confessing to a slew of sleazy sins, 2) confessing to be confessing "to worm my way into the graces . . . of society," 3) confessing that all the confessing is too mixed up with the drama of "self-presentation" to be deemed "true" confession. The book is an account of how Author O'Connor developed out of precocious childhood into a state of adult infantilism bordering on lunacy.

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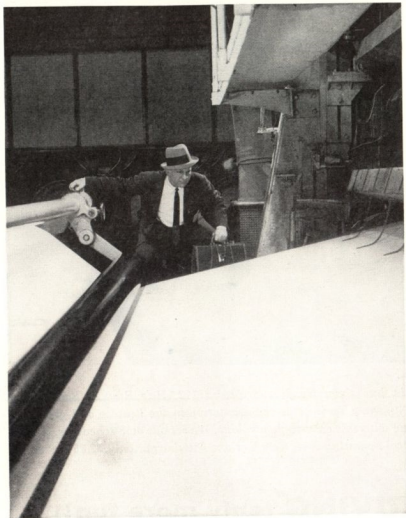
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MISCELLANY

Insult. In Izmir, Turkey, Hassan Huseyin Coshtu, released from prison, hurried back to court and publicly declared his passionate love for the lady judge who had sentenced him, said he "couldn't think of anything else for three years," was promptly jugged again for "outraging a magistrate during performance of her functions."

Higher Booty. Near Jackson, Miss., a burglar entered The Forest Hill Methodist Church, stole a safe containing 300 sermons.

Lost Shoal. Near Brisbane, Australia, Navigation Expert Joshua Peter Bell, author of *Moreton Bay and How to Fathom It*, ran his yacht aground in Moreton Bay.

Milky Way. Near Baraga, Mich., during a demonstration of his art, U.S. Forest Service Pilot Milton Nelson missed his target, splashed 50 gallons of whey-colored fire-retarding fluid on 150 picnicking forestry and conservation officials.

Automation. In Lincoln, Neb., Jack Coffman was treated at a hospital for injuries received from a power lawnmower, went home, turned up at another hospital later in the day with more injuries from the same machine.

Old Boar. In Penang, Malaya, Teh Chew Ean sued her husband for maintenance because his mother made her get up to feed the pigs at 5 a.m. on her wedding night.

Yegg Art. In Baltimore, Josephine Ditmore, convicted of robbing a restaurant and a tailor shop, told the court that she had forced her way in with a nail file, a lady's razor and eyebrow tweezers.

7 by 11? In Monroe, Mich., when a deputy sheriff found 52 pairs of dice in Carroll Hawkins' car, Hawkins maintained that he was going to use them to make a top for his wife's coffee table.

Guaranty Trusty. In Columbus, Ohio, when an elementary school teacher told her class to write themes on what they would like to be when they grow up, Darrell Miller, 9, said that he was interested in banking, added: "To be a president of a bank you have to have a good record and no time in the pen."

Epicures. In Milwaukee, records were published showing that the city's children last year swallowed gunbore cleaner, soldering flux, reducing pills, battery acid, furniture polish, lighter fluid, airplane glue, fertilizer, narcotics, tranquilizers, rubbing alcohol, hormones, after-shave lotion, camphorated oil, motor oil, iodine, toilet cleaners, laundry bleach, chromium polish, gasoline, kerosene, benzene, paint, wood alcohol, linseed oil, varnish, paint thinner, pesticides, cologne, toilet water.

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